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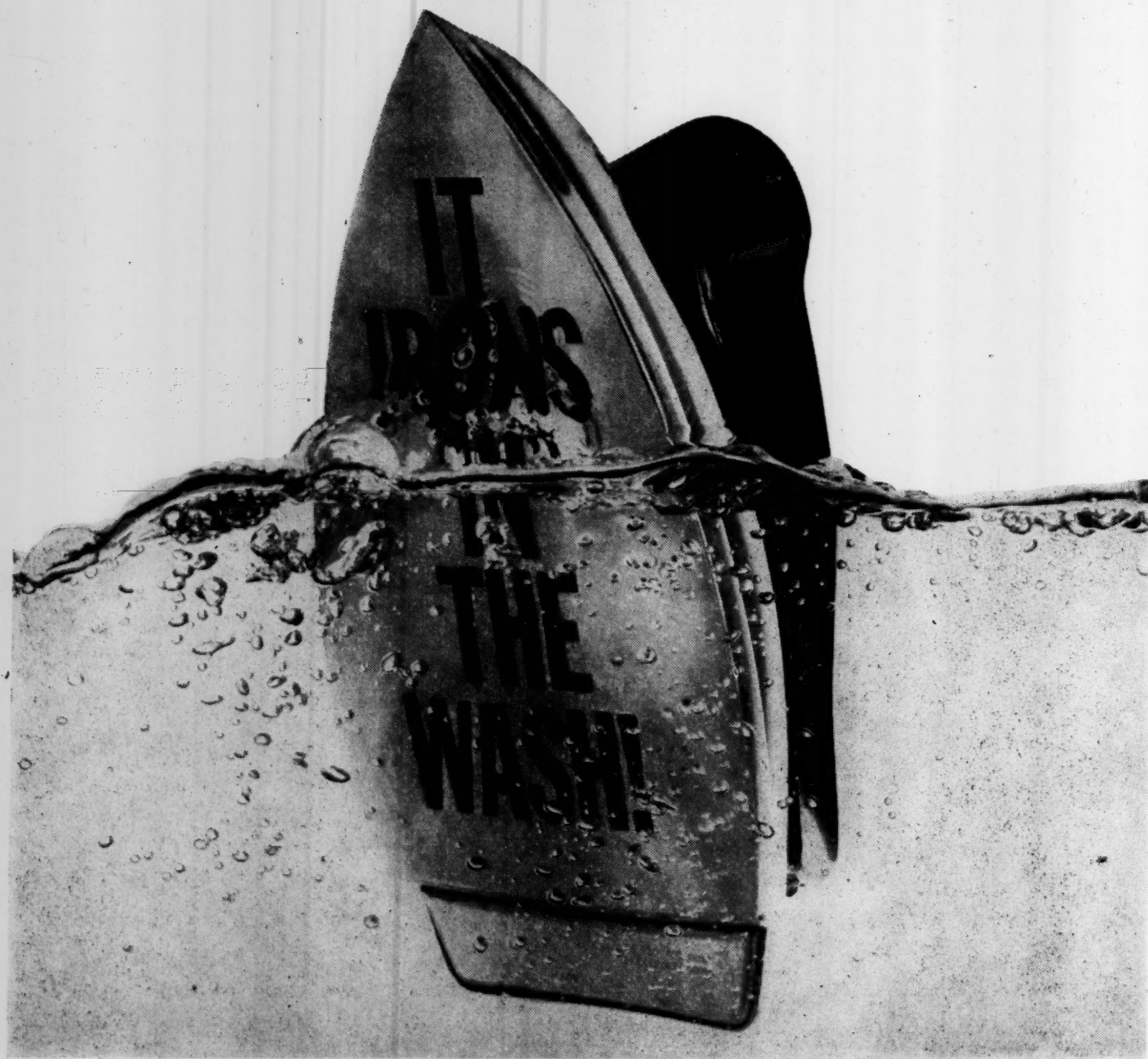
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 26, 1959 VOL. VII, NO. 24

THE WEEK 348

ARTICLES

The Reluctant Restaurateur Priscilla L. Buckley 357
Soviet Word-Twisters Leo Dudin 360
Can India Be Defended? Reginald Hargreaves 361

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 347
National Trends Forrest Davis 355
The Third World War James Burnham 356
Letter from the Continent ... E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 363
From the Academy Russell Kirk 364
To the Editor 372

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The New Dealer Shows Through
John Chamberlain 365
Look Southward J. Fred Rippy 366
Castro's Cuba Anthony Harrigan 367
Yankee City Francis Russell 368
J.D. Soap Opera John Leonard 370
Books in Brief 370

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For the Record

Nikita Khrushchev arrived in the United States at 12:24 p.m., September 15. By 2:24 p.m., one American (Marvin H. Merry, Scott Depot, W. Va.) had been jailed, another man-handled (Robert Stevens, son of the former Secretary of the Army), a woman struck by the police. Their offense? Carrying skull and crossbone flags and black balloons on a Washington street. Senators Dodd, Bridges, Douglas, Representatives Judd, McCormack immediately protested "this suppression of the right of free expression." (The ACLU will provide counsel for the man who was jailed.) . . . One man was booted off Capitol Hill grounds even before Mr. K. arrived, for the offense of wearing a black arm band. (The D.C. police have the technical authority to prescribe the proper uniform on federal grounds.) . . .

Seriously alarmed, officials are applying pressure to stop the protests. . . . Plans for a plane to fly over Manhattan during K's visit with protest streamer fell through. The pilot was scared off by his lawyer who reported back, after calling the CAA, that if he went ahead, he might have trouble at license-renewal time. . . . Pasadena, after first approving use of Rose Bowl for International Council of Christian Churches rally, later said no ("the meeting is not in the best interests of the city of Pasadena"). . . . The American Dental Association, to be sure, stood firm when asked to make way for Mr. K. at the Waldorf-Astoria, but the Police Sergeants Benevolent Association, which had planned its annual dance at the W-A that night, bowed out. (As it turned out, most of the sergeants were on duty anyway, guarding Nikita.)

But the protests continued—graphic and prayerful. . . . A Hungarian freedom fighter blindfolded the Statue of Liberty on arrival day ("She shouldn't gaze at a murderer"). . . . Two unidentified men draped a plaque of the Declaration of Independence on Boston Common in black. . . . The Catholic Church of St. Joseph's in Buffalo and a Minneapolis group headed by H. K. Brevick flew their flags upside down (which is how one shows distress in the international code). . . . A Hartford industrialist, W. Hayes Murphy, stopped the machinery in his wire mold factory for three minutes of silent prayer. . . . An amateur electrician in a small Connecticut town wired his mailbox to shock those who were ripping off his "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" stickers.

The WEEK

● The influential Italian conservative paper *Borghese* dramatized the present trend in U.S.-Soviet relations last week in the middle section where it usually carries full-page photographs, thus: On the left, a photograph of Nixon and Khrushchev laughing uproariously, over the caption, "They Laugh Together"; on the right, Soviet tanks firing at a disorganized crowd of East Berliners during the '53 uprising, over the caption, "They Die Alone." *Borghese* made no editorial comment; nor do we.

● A few days before Nikita Khrushchev's arrival in New York, Manhattanites were startled to see "him" parading around the city in an open limousine with banners flying. And on the banners, possibly Khrushchev's most famous words, "We will bury you." It was a stunt of course; and the Khrushchev that New Yorkers saw was an impersonator. But, as it turns out, it was a hazardous stunt. The false Khrushchev, seeking to take precautions, proved to be uninsurable, even by Lloyds of London. As one insurance official put it: "We wouldn't insure Khrushchev or any one who looks like him. He has too many people in his own government and probably in his own entourage, who want him killed." Which led us to wonder whether Khrushchev himself is, or is not insured, and if so what the quarterly premium would cost? We know, of course, who are the beneficiaries.

● The Senate has lately passed an amendment to the Mutual Defense Assistance Control Act that would authorize the President to give financial assistance to Soviet satellites, and pretty much at his own discretion. Before the vote, Senator John Marshall Butler took the floor to oppose the amendment and said in part: "Mr. Nixon [during his recent visit to Poland] . . . proposed a toast: 'Let us drink,' he said, 'to one world in which all people will choose their form of government.' . . . [The] Prime Minister of Poland . . . replied . . . 'If there is to be one world, let it be one world in which all sing the Internationale together.' . . . Mr. President . . . I do not intend to support legislation which in effect buys rope for Communist countries which they might use to hang us." Senator Butler had the right words for the right occasion.

● The Communist *Worker*, which seeks out tales of Western oppression with the fervor of Galahad after the Grail, turned up this gem last week: 200 students at a Junior High School in Norwalk, Conn., driven to flaming revolt by the curtailment of extra-curricular activities (i.e., student clubs) announced

a "hunger strike." Thenceforward, the rebel leaders announced, the student body would limit its cafeteria purchases at lunchtime to milk and ice cream. To which Principal Herbert Bothamley (even the name is reactionary) responded by—withdrawing ice cream from the menu! An unfair strikebreaking practice if ever we or the *Worker* heard of one: and we hereby complain to the NEA.

● Ernesto de la Fé, the Cuban journalist who was sentenced to fifteen years hard labor for the crime of anti-Communism and irreverence toward Fidel Castro, is lying wounded in Cuba's Isle of Pines prison. He was beaten up by guards when he refused to submit to the degrading impositions required of political prisoners. The Isle of Pines is without electricity. Prisoners are roused from bed at dawn to begin their tasks, punished brutally if they fail to perform them, rationed to two cups of water a day—one in the morning, one in the evening. "Che" Guevara, who failed to have de la Fé's life on a judicial platter, has found a means to the same end.

● Is Tibor Dery dead? The 64-year-old Hungarian writer, who participated in the 1956 revolution, has not been heard of, or from, since his imprisonment two years ago. In Paris the Tibor Dery Committee has published an informational pamphlet which includes the text of a private letter to puppet Premier Kadar pleading for freedom for the writer, signed by T. S. Eliot, Ignazio Silone, Albert Camus and Karl Jaspers. There was no reply. Bertrand Russell, Alberto Moravia, three French Nobel Prize-winners and a number of other public figures added their protests against the imprisonment of a man of advanced age and in ill health. Not a word from Hungary. Dery's official offense: leadership of a subversive organization. Namely, the Hungarian Writers' Association.

● Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen is, after all, to leave his ambassadorial post in Manila and become adviser to the Secretary of State on Soviet policy—that is, as a *New York Times* Washington correspondent puts it, "agreement has been reached [about the matter] between the Administration and the Republican leadership." We continue to share the opinion of certain Republican senators that the Secretary could not be worse advised—and to regret the persistence with which the Secretary has insisted on the appointment. We like to think that Mr. Dulles, had he survived, would have bumped along without Mr. Bohlen's widely-advertised but yet-to-be-demonstrated ability to call the turns on Soviet policy.

● Alger Hiss is looking around for another job. Who says the Soviet Union has solved the unemployment problem?

'The Damage We Have Done to Ourselves'

Remarks by William F. Buckley Jr. at the Khrushchev Protest Rally at Carnegie Hall on September 17

Ladies and gentlemen:

The damage Khrushchev can do to us on this trip is not comparable to the damage we have done to ourselves. Khrushchev is here. And his being here profanes the nation. But the harm we have done, we have done to ourselves; and for that we cannot hold Khrushchev responsible. There is nothing he is in a position to do, as he passes through our land, that can aggravate the national dishonor. We can only dishonor ourselves. Mr. Eisenhower invited him to come. But that was a transient damage that might have been laid to the vagaries of personal diplomacy. The lasting damage is related to the national acquiescence in Mr. Eisenhower's aberration. That acquiescence required the lapse of our critical and moral faculties. And for so long as they are in suspension, regeneration is not possible.

I deplore the fact that Khrushchev travels about this country—having been met at the frontier by our own prince, who arrived with his first string of dancing girls, and a majestic caravan of jewels and honey and spices; I mind that he will wend his lordly way from city to city, where the Lilliputians will fuss over his needs, weave garlands through the ring in his nose, shiver when he belches out his threats, and labor in panic to sate his imperial appetites. I mind that Khrushchev is here; but I mind more that Eisenhower invited him. I mind that Eisenhower invited him, but I mind much more the defense of that invitation by the *thought-leaders* of the nation. Khrushchev cannot by his presence here permanently damage us, I repeat; and neither can Mr. Eisenhower by inviting him. But we are gravely damaged if it is true that in welcoming Khrushchev, Eisenhower speaks for America; for in that case the people have lost their reason; and we cannot hope to live down the experience until we have recovered our reason, and regained our moral equilibrium.

I mind, in a word, the so-called "reasons" that have been advanced—and accepted—as to why Mr. Eisenhower issued the invitation. I mind first that "reasons" are being put forward, but mostly that they are being accepted. Khrushchev's visit has been successfully transmuted into a "diplomatic necessity"; and many even speak of it as a stroke of diplomatic genius. If the invitation had been rendered by President Eisenhower in his capacity as principal agent of American foreign policy, the deed would have been explosive enough. But the true dimensions of our national crisis became visible upon the appearance of the concentric ripples of assent that followed

upon the issuance of the invitation. A splendid idea, said the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, having presumably first consulted the editorial columns of the *New York Times* to make sure his compass was properly oriented.

And in a matter of days, we were being solemnly advised by the majority of the editorial writers of the nation that a) the invitation was bound to meet with the approval of all those who favor peace in the world and good will towards men; and that b) in any event, those who opposed the invitation have no alternative save to abide by the spirit that moved the President—as a matter of loyalty. "If you have to throw something at him," said Mr. Nixon upon touching ground after his visit to Moscow, "throw flowers." And then Mr. Gallup confirmed the popularity of the President's decision—which, it turns out, exceeds even the popularity of the President himself.

I do not recall that six months ago Mr. Gallup canvassed the American people on the question whether Mr. Khrushchev should be invited to this country, but I doubt that anyone would dispute my guess that as emphatic a majority would then have voted *against* the visit.

What happened? The sheer cogency of the invitation evidently struck the people as forcibly as the superiority of round as against square wheels is said one day to have struck our primitive ancestors. Obviously the visit is in order, the people seem to have grasped, giving way before the intuitions and analyses of their leaders. How mischievous is the habit of adducing reasons behind everything that is done! I can, happily and unassailably, delight in lobster and despise crabmeat; all my life—as long as I refrain from giving *reasons* why the one food suits and the other sickens. But when I seek rationally to motivate my preferences, I lose my authority. If only the publicists had refrained from shoring up the President's caprice with a Gothic rational structure! But no. We are a rational people. We do nothing without cause. There must be cause behind the invitation; and so the reasons for it are conjured up.

I have not heard a "reason" why Khrushchev should come to this country that is not in fact a reason why he should *not* come to this country. *He will see for himself the health and wealth of the land?* Very well; and having confirmed the fact, what are we to expect? That he will weaken in his adherence to his maniacal course? Because the average American has the use of one and two-thirds toilets? One might as well expect the Bishop of Rome to break the apostolic succession upon being confronted by

the splendid new YMCA in Canton, Ohio. Does Khrushchev really *doubt* that there are 67 million automobiles in this country? What is he to do now that he is here? Count them? And if it is true that he doubts the statistics on American production and the American way of life, statistics that have been corroborated by his own technicians—then what reason is there to believe that he will trust the evidence of his own eyes as more reliable? And what will he do if there is a discrepancy? Fire Alger Hiss?

If Khrushchev were a man to be moved by empirical brushes with reality, how could he continue to believe in Communism? He cannot turn a corner in the Soviet Union without colliding against stark evidence of the fraudulence of Marxist theory. Where is the workers' paradise? In the two-room apartments that house five families? In the frozen reaches where he commits to slavery the millions upon millions who fail to appreciate the fact that under the Marxist prescription they have been elevated to a state of total freedom? In the headquarters of the secret police, where files are kept on every citizen of the Soviet Union on the *presumption* that every citizen is an enemy of the proletarian state?

Any man who is capable of being affected by the evidence of things as they are need not leave Russia to discover that the major premises of Karl Marx are mistaken. Dante cultivated a love of heaven by demonstrating the horrors of hell. It did not occur to him that the devil might be converted by taking him around the glories of the Court of the Medici. What reason have we to believe that a man who knows Russia and *still* has not rejected Marx, will be moved by the sight of Levittown?

But even if Khrushchev fails to readjust his views after witnessing the economic miracles wrought by capitalism—in which connection it is relevant to recall the amazement of American industrial leaders on learning last winter that Mikoyan knew more about American industrial accomplishments than they did—even if Khrushchev finds out that Mikoyan was right all along, will he learn that other great lesson which the President advanced as a principal "reason" why Khrushchev should come? Is he going to encounter that firmness of American resolution which will cause him, when he returns to Russia, to furrow his brow in anxiety on resuming the war against us?

I suggest that this brings us to the major reason why Khrushchev should *not* have been invited. If indeed the nation is united behind Mr. Eisenhower in this invitation, then the nation is united behind an act of diplomatic sentimentality which can only confirm Khrushchev in the contempt he feels for the dissipated morale of a nation far gone, as the theorists of Marxism have all along contended, in decrepitude. That he should be invited to visit here as though he were susceptible to a rational engagement! That



he should achieve orthodox diplomatic recognition not three years after shocking history itself by the brutalities of Budapest; months after endorsing the shooting down of an unarmed American plane; only weeks since he last shrieked his intention of demolishing the West should it show any resistance to the march of socialism; only days since publishing in an American magazine his undiluted resolve to enslave the citizens of Free Berlin—that such an introduction should end up constituting his credentials for a visit to America will teach him something about the West some of us wish he might never have known.

What is it stands in the way of Communism's march? The little homilies of American capitalism? A gigantic air force which depends less on gasoline than on the pronouncements of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy to know whether it can ever be airborne? Have we not something more to face Khrushchev with? Is this indeed the nature of the enemy, Khrushchev is entitled to wonder exultantly, after twelve days of giddy American camaraderie—will he not cherish as never before the pronouncements of Marx about the weakness of the capitalist opposition? Will he not return convinced that behind the modulated hubbub at the White House, in the State Department, at the city halls, at the economic clubs, at the industrial banquets, he heard—with his own ears—the death rattle of the West? Is there a reason why we should voluntarily expose to the

enemy the great lesion of the West—our deficient understanding—which saps the will without which we can never save the world for freedom? Will Khrushchev respect us more as, by our deeds, we proclaim and proclaim again and again our hallucinations, in the grinding teeth of the evidence, that we and the Soviet Union can work together for a better world?

It is the imposture of irrationality in the guise of rationality that frightens. The visit is timely, we are told. Why? State one reason. Why was it not timely, if it is timely now, a year ago? If Eisenhower is correct now in welcoming Khrushchev, then was he not wrong yesterday in not welcoming him? But we were all pro-Eisenhower yesterday—when he declared he would not meet with the Soviet leaders while under pressure of blackmail in regard to Berlin. And yet we are pro-Eisenhower today—when he proceeds to meet with Khrushchev, with the threat still hanging over us. If it is so very urgent that we should acquaint Khrushchev with the highways and byways of the United States, why is Eisenhower doing it seven long years after he first had the opportunity? Why has the same nation that implicitly endorsed the social boycott of Soviet leaders changed its mind so abruptly—to harmonize with so dissonant a change in position by our lackadaisical President? (The social history of the White House under Mr. Eisenhower will, after all, record only one exclusion and one addition during his tenure. Khrushchev was added, Senator McCarthy was ejected. And both times, the thousands cheered.) Is it a mark of loyalty to go along? What if Mr. Eisenhower had announced that, upon reflection, Red China should be invited into the United Nations? Would it be a mark of loyalty for us to assent? Or if he had decided to yield Quemoy and Matsu? A mark of loyalty to go along? And Berlin?

This afternoon Mayor Robert Wagner danced attendance upon Mr. Khrushchev. Did he do so because Premier Khrushchev is head of a foreign state and so entitled, ex officio, to the hospitality of New York's mayor? It isn't that simple, as we pointed out in the *National Review Bulletin* last week. Last year Mayor Wagner ostentatiously announced his refusal to greet Ibn Saud—on the grounds that Ibn Saud discriminates against Jews in Saudi Arabia, and no man who discriminates against Jews in Saudi Arabia is by God going to be handled courteously by Bob Wagner, mayor of New York. Now, as everybody knows, Nikita Khrushchev not only discriminates against Jews, he kills them. On the other hand, he does much the same thing to Catholics and Protestants. Could that be why Mr. Wagner consented to honor Khrushchev? Khrushchev murders people without regard to race, color or creed, that is, on straight FEPC lines; and therefore, whatever he is

guilty of, he is not guilty of discrimination, and so he is entitled to Robert Wagner's hospitality? Is that the shape of the new rationality?

Ladies and gentlemen, we deem it the central revelation of Western experience that man cannot ineradicably stain himself, for the wells of regeneration are infinitely deep. No temple has ever been so profaned that it cannot be purified; no man is ever truly lost; no nation irrevocably dishonored. Khrushchev cannot take permanent advantage of our temporary disadvantage, for it is the West he is fighting. And in the West there lie, however encysted, the ultimate resources, which are moral in nature. Khrushchev is not aware that the gates of hell shall not prevail against us. Even out of the depths of despair, we take heart in the knowledge that it cannot matter how deep we fall, for there is always hope. In the end, we will bury him.

If the President Wants to Act...

When the pinch on steel inventories becomes acute, as it presumably will some time within a month, the pressure on the White House to intervene in the steel strike will become almost intolerable. Union leaders and steel-starved manufacturers will combine their voices in a demand for a political settlement of the issue. Cutting across all lines, the "consensus" will appear to be irresistible.

Yet more than the faces of union and management are involved in the struggle to bring the steel strike to an end. The President's face is involved, as well. For two months now Mr. Eisenhower's attitude has been unequivocal: it is not the business of government to interfere in the collective bargaining process. In his recent rejection of a request that he appoint a special commission to study union featherbedding in the railroad industry, the President has merely underscored what he has been saying all along.

The government could, of course, invoke the Taft-Hartley Law and send the workers back to the mills for the eighty-day cooling-off period, which would enable union-management bargaining to go on while the U.S. economy negotiated the autumn hump without depriving customers of tin cans and new model cars. Eisenhower has said he might invoke Taft-Hartley if and when it became necessary. But this would not settle the issue; it would merely postpone it. And the pinch on the economy would be only the more desperate for having been adjourned to the cold days of winter.

Since an economy starved for steel is not something to be frivolously contemplated, it might seem presumptuous to urge Eisenhower to stand fast. Nevertheless, presumption must be risked. A govern-

ment-enforced settlement at this point in history (whether it comes next week or next January is immaterial) would be a disaster. The time has come when the whole nation must face up to a situation that has been in the making ever since the thirties. If the lesson of the unwisdom of permitting monopoly unionism isn't brought home to everybody some time, there will be no holding the unions—or, rather, the union bosses—next time. The Congress of the United States years ago exempted labor unions from prosecution under the monopoly laws. The result is that a single executive committee of a single union can paralyze the economic life of the nation. Steel management has elected to stand on principle (no union encroachment on management's right to decide on questions of productive efficiency, and no wage-rise that will merely serve to push inflation up another notch). If the government presumes to tell steel management that it has no right to its principle, then what other group of managers will dare to act on principle in the future?

NATIONAL REVIEW has lost some steel advertising, a considerable blow, because of the recent pinch on steel company revenues. It has every short-run material interest in advising Eisenhower to compromise on his hitherto adamant resolve to keep the government out of any strike settlement. But at a time when many workers themselves (see a recent *Wall Street Journal* spot check) think the members of the steel union are "damn fools" for striking, it would be a shame to deprive the American people of an elementary education in reality. If they don't learn this time that a union monopoly is as bad as any other kind of monopoly, then they are very hard to teach, and their recalcitrance may diminish their wealth and their freedom. If Mr. Eisenhower wants to act, let him summon a special session of Congress to revise the immunities of union monopolies.

De Gaulle's Final Stake

It has been the consistent conviction of NATIONAL REVIEW that the future of Europe—the heartland of Western, Christian civilization—depends in large measure on the transformation of a primitive, colonial Africa into a new, dynamic Western frontier and this depends specifically on the ability of France to end the Algerian war on terms that provide a viable relation between France and the Arab North-African Maghreb (Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco), and through North Africa with the vast regions of "Black Africa" beyond.

General de Gaulle's declaration of September 16 initiates France's supreme and probably final attempt to solve the agonizing problem of the Algerian war. Several days before the public declaration, James

Burnham discussed its meaning with a member of the de Gaulle government in a private conversation in Paris. We record here—in the stylized form of Question and Answer—the substance of the relevant parts of this conversation:

Q. Not all political problems can be solved. Is it really possible for France to solve her African problem?

A. You must make a distinction when you speak of the "African problem." There is the problem of "Black Africa," which for France has at present a very promising perspective. The generality of the black Africans not only are inferior, culturally and technically, to Europeans, but recognize this inferiority. The native leaders of the French Community in Black Africa number a high percentage of remarkable and intelligent men. While aiming at free and independent development for their people, most of them see that this is possible only with the economic, technical and intellectual cooperation of Europe. They believe the Community with France to be as advantageous to themselves as to France.

But the Arabs of the north are quite different. Although in fact they also are for the most part inferior culturally and technically, many of them do not either admit or accept their inferiority. Their religion, although it differs from ours, is at a more nearly comparable level. (The black African drops his native religion as soon as he advances culturally, but very seldom the Moslem Arab.)

Finally, there are in Algeria a million white Europeans, many of whose families have been there as long as five or eight generations. They do not consider themselves interlopers.

Q. I have heard that de Gaulle cannot choose his policy freely because it is subject to the veto of the Army; that, regarding the division of the Army in 1940 as the most tragic event of France's modern history and his own career, he is resolved that it will not be repeated . . . ?

A. In 1940—and in May 1958—the civil power had abdicated, and the state had ceased to exist. The Army—or the boldest and most serious part of it—had to act to save the nation. But today a true civil power, a state and government, exist—and are indeed strong and flourishing. There is no question of a schism in the Army. It will carry out the government's policy and orders.

Q. What then is the meaning of the policy that will be made public in a few days?

A. Quite simply, de Gaulle proposes for Algeria: a free choice—freedom on its own terms; and a link—integration, federation, confederation, whatever the free choice may be—with France in the developing French Community.

De Gaulle comes from a *petit bourgeois* stock that has traditionally been anti-democratic in French his-

tory. But through experience and reflection he has become profoundly democratic in his own belief. By "democracy" he means "universal suffrage."

Q. When "universal suffrage" is applied to Algeria, does it mean one vote for every adult, Arab and European alike?

A. Precisely. No exceptions; no subterfuges.

Q. You say Algeria is to have a free choice and a link to France. But is that not just the core of the political problem? What if Algeria's free choice is to break wholly with France? Which comes first for de Gaulle, if the alternative is posed, the free choice or the French tie?

A. (Given after nearly a minute of silence, and in a low voice.) The free choice . . . I believe that the free choice comes first.

Q. To carry out such a policy, is it not necessary to negotiate with the FLN?

A. There have of course already been negotiations—secret, informal—with the FLN. But it is necessary to reject the idea that the FLN self-evidently speaks for all Algeria, or for all Algerian Arabs. In a free election the FLN will have the same chance as any other party, and no more. Do not forget that the FLN is totalitarian. If it takes power—by whatever means—it will impose a totalitarian as well as anti-Western state on Algeria, and perhaps on all North Africa.

Q. Time is of the essence of politics. A program possible today may be wholly inadequate five years from now. What is de Gaulle's time schedule?

A. Naturally such a solution, culminating in a general and free vote, cannot be carried out in a week or two. But de Gaulle is not at all thinking here in decades. He will make these proposals as a firm and immediate program of action. His idea is to complete the process and reach the decision within one year.

The attitude of your government will do much to determine whether this is indeed possible, and if so, what the decision will be.

Macmillan Moves

The moment was inescapably opportune for Mr. Macmillan to call a national election. He had recently shown his domination over Western foreign policy by bringing the U.S. around 180 degrees on the matter of a Summit conference (though to be sure, one isn't supposed to call it that); Eisenhower had just left England, where he charmed everyone, and called the Queen "Ma'am" (you have to hand it to Harry Truman, who had the earthy grace to refer to Her Majesty, when she visited Washington while he was President, as "dear"); economically, England is doing about as well as semi-socialized countries can be expected to do; and the leaders of the Political

Center, the braintrust of the Conservative Party, came out recently for government subsidies for theater, sports and youth, certifying the advanced concern of the Tories for British life in all phases.

Even so, Labor leaders were caught napping, or whatever it was they were doing in Moscow, when the announcement was made. They came hurtling home and will devote themselves during the weeks to come to establishing the need for more socialism, more pacifism, less freedom, more poverty.

The Facts of Survival

The year is almost up—the year during which atomic testing was banned by the President over the protest of the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission; the year in which national representatives gathered in Geneva to talk about disarmament and nuclear test banning and inspection systems.

The test suspension period was extended to December 31 two weeks ago, coincident with a Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy report on fallout. The report reopens the question of testing, and leaves it open. Although long and ambiguous, it comes to two general conclusions; 1) that previous testing has not resulted in dangerous radiation from fallout; 2) it doesn't know what would happen if we resumed the kind and scale of testing that we did over the past five years—i.e., regular nuclear explosions in the atmosphere.

But the reopened question may get begged. Consider the history of our recent nuclear policy. It includes the easing out of Lewis Strauss as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. It records the resignation of Edward Teller from the General Advisory Committee of the AEC. And it details the story of the State Department's obsequious subservience to popular world opinion.

We would do well to guess the ending of the story. We are told daily by scientists testifying before congressional committees that there is no foolproof inspection system. We know that the survival of the United States depends upon our nuclear superiority. What with the manpower of Russian and Chinese divisions, and their advantage in conventional armaments and warfare, they could overrun Europe at will. And our nuclear superiority depends upon continued nuclear testing.

We have stockpiled enough "dirty" bombs. This does not entitle us to lapse into contented *ennui*. We must now develop further the "clean" bomb. We must perfect anti-missile and anti-aircraft weapons. We must develop and manufacture small-size, low-yield nuclear weapons of the kind that can be employed for tactical warfare.

These are the facts of survival. Underground nu-

clear tests produce no fallout. Testing above the atmosphere, e.g., the Argus tests, results in negligible fallout. Here are two places where we may test our nuclear weapons at no cost to the peoples of the earth. Why, then, do we continue to abide by a suspension obviously against our best interests?

They Are Involved in Mankind

The following were among the signers of the moving call for national mourning sponsored by the Committee for Freedom for All Peoples, which appeared in newspapers across the nation the day before Nikita Khrushchev's arrival in the United States.

Rep. E. Ross Adair, Rep. Hugh J. Addonizio, Hon. O. K. Armstrong, Rep. Robert T. Ashmore, Murray Baron, C. D. Batchelor, Rep. Charles E. Bennett, Rep. Alvin E. Bentley, Bishop Hiram Abiff Boaz, Archbishop Bohdan, L. Brent Bozell, Gen. L. H. Brereton, Basil M. Brewer, Hon. Owen Brewster, Roy M. Brewer, Sen. Styles Bridges, Rep. Charles E. Buckley, William F. Buckley Jr., Louis F. Budenz, Hon. William C. Bullitt, Col. Laurence E. Bunker, Maj. Edgar C. Bundy, Very Rev. Edward B. Bunn, James Burnham, Arthur F. Burns, Sen. Robert C. Byrd, John C. Caldwell, Miss Taylor Caldwell, Sen. Homer E. Capehart, Hon. Francis X. Celino, John Chamberlain, Leo Cherne.

Frank Chodorov, Bishop Orestes P. Chornock, Archbishop Clement, Roy Cohn, Adm. Charles M. Cooke, Rep. Robert J. Corbett, Thomas C. Corcoran, Richard Cardinal Cushing, C. Suydam Cutting, Rep. Dominick V. Daniels, Forrest Davis, Robert Gorham Davis, Moshe Decter, Rep. James J. Delaney, Dr. Bella V. Dodd, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, Cleveland E. Dodge, John Dos Passos, Rep. Francis E. Dorn, Rep. Wm. Jennings Bryan Dorn, Sen. Paul H. Douglas, Hon. Charles Edison, Christopher Emmet, Julius Epstein, Rep. Michael L. Feighan, Gen. Bonner Fellers, Mrs. Geraldine Fitch, Bishop Edward A. Fitzgerald, Hon. Ralph E. Flanders.

Bishop Joseph Flannely, Bishop Albert L. Fletcher, Rep. Daniel J. Flood, John T. Flynn, Msgr. W. Laurence Franklin, Rep. Samuel N. Friedel, Adm. W. R. Furlong, Rev. Robert I. Gannon, Devin A. Garrity, Dr. B. A. Garside, Dr. Harry Gideonse, Prof. Robert Lewis Gill, Hon. Webster C. Givens, Arthur J. Goldsmith, Hon. Joseph C. Grew, Bishop Henry J. Grimmelsman, Sen. Ernest Gruening, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, Rt. Rev. Edward J. Hogan, Hon. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Rep. Craig Hosmer, Edward Hunter, Maurice A. Hutcheson, Rep. Donald L. Jackson, Rev. Alfred Jensen, Rep. Walter H. Judd, H. V. Kaltenborn, Rep. Edna F. Kelly, Prof. Willmoore Kendall.

James Jackson Kilpatrick, Dr. Frank L. Kluckhohn, Hon. William F. Knowland, Rep. Thomas J. Lane, Victor Lasky, Thomas Hugh Latimer, Rt. Rev. Frederick C. Lawrence, Rep. Alton Lennon, Sol Levitas, Marvin Liebman, Rabbi C. U. Lipschitz, Rev. Norman D. Livergood, William Loeb, Bishop Henry I. Louttit, Dr. Charles Lowry, Eugene Lyons, Mary McCarthy, Rep. John W. McCormack, Arthur G. McDowell, Rep. Harris B. McDowell, Martin C. McKnealy, Francis J. McNamara, Rep. Thaddeus M. Machrowicz, Dean Clarence Manion, Bishop Leslie R. Marston, Dr. J. B. Matthews, Rep. D. R. Matthews, Frank S. Meyer.

Hon. Robert E. Meyers, E. Victor Milione, Hon. Paul L. Mitchum, Rep. Walter H. Moeller, George S. Montgomery, Jr., Col. Lucian D. Moody, Henry Moscow, Dr. Norbert Muhlen,

Lyle Munson, Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer, Edwin G. Nourse, Mary G. Nourse, Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle, Rep. Thomas P. O'Neill, Archbishop Palladios, Mrs. Robert B. Patterson, Hon. Frederick G. Payne, Col. W. Bruce Pirnie, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Rep. Melvin Price, Rep. Roman C. Pucinski, Bishop Leo A. Pursley, Victor Riesel, Prof. David N. Rowe, William A. Rusher, Bishop John U. Russell, Morrie Ryskind, George S. Schuyler, Dr. Aura E. Severinghaus.

Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, Rep. Don L. Short, Igor I. Sikorsky, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, Rep. Neal E. Smith, R. B. Snowden, Rep. Harley O. Staggers, Rex Stout, Prof. Gleb Struve, Adm. Felix B. Stump, Rep. Olin E. Teague, Edward S. Teller, Archbishop Theodorus, Sen. Strom Thurmond, Dr. Harold C. Urey, Gen. James A. Van Fleet, Dr. J. R. Van Pelt, Bishop Raymond J. Wade, Louis Waldman, Prof. Richard L. Walker, Richard F. Walsh, Rep. Francis E. Walter, Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, William L. White, Rep. William B. Widnall, Charles W. Wiley, Prof. Karl Wittfogel, Bertram D. Wolfe, Rep. Leonard G. Wolf.

(Partial List)

Notes and Asides

Both NATIONAL REVIEW cartoonists, C. D. Batchelor and John Kreuttner, came up with similar cartoon commentaries on the Khrushchev visit—and we decided to publish both of them with this thought: it is interesting that these two great stylists both arrived, so far as cartoons can, at the same *mot juste* during this period of moral crisis.

And Leo Dudin, who wrote this week's "Soviet Word-Twisters" (p. 360), reports at press time from Washington that Khrushchev's interpreter at the National Press Club last Wednesday polished and prettified many of his boss's remarks. When Khrushchev became angry and stumbled over his words, the interpreter with suave discretion delivered the sentences with careful completeness, drawing upon a larger vocabulary and a more discreet demeanor. One more example of just the thing Mr. Dudin is concerned about.

Our Contributors: MAJOR REGINALD HARGREAVES ("Can India Be Defended?") served with the British Army in India before the First World War. He was invalidated out of the army in 1922 in consequence of wounds suffered in the war, but recalled to duty in 1939. A student of politico-military history, he has been published widely in England. His latest book, *The Narrow Seas*, a history of the English Channel, came out in May. He is also a contributor to *American Heritage*. LEO DUDIN ("Soviet Word-Twisters"), whose article "Communist Armageddon" appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW July 18, 1959, has been engaged in research on Soviet affairs for Columbia, MIT and Harvard since his arrival in this country in 1951. J. FRED RIPPY ("Look Southward"), a retired University professor, is an expert on Latin America. His most recent book is *Globe and Hemisphere*.

Dulles' Vanishing Shade

FORREST DAVIS

I reflected as the triumphal procession of last Tuesday, Nikita S. Khrushchev cheek by jowl with the President of the United States in an open car, wheeled into 14th Street from Independence Avenue between the Mint and the Department of Agriculture, that it had left behind the memorial to a Thomas Jefferson who set great store by the liberties of the citizen. Along 14th Street the pure perpendicular of the monument raised to Washington loomed to the left; a shaft honoring a victorious revolutionary untouched by the twentieth-century's gruesome passion for liquidating the defeated foe. Except for the elevation of the Monument grounds, the slave-master of Moscow could have seen the memorial to the Lincoln who freed the Republic's slaves almost a century ago.

The blare and thump of the crack military bands cadencing the entry into Washington might well have been audible on the Arlington cemetery hillside bearing the still fresh grave of another of our illustrious dead—the American most reviled in his lifetime by our guest. The music would have reached John Foster Dulles' grave mockingly; the mockery provided by accumulating evidence, quite apart from the symbolical pollution of the Khrushchev visit, that the President is fatefully departing from the moral and political precepts of his late Secretary of State.

If the triumphal entry was an open demonstration of the new, non-Dullesian policy of propitiating the unpropitiable, what shall be said of the internal development bringing Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen to the Presidential councils on the Soviet empire and transferring Under Secretary of State Robert D. Murphy to Bonn? The well-informed Constantine Brown, foreign affairs columnist of the *Washington Star*, has called the return of Bohlen a sign of the "de-Dullesizing" of the State Department.

The order posting Ambassador Bohlen home from Manila in time to

accompany Mr. Eisenhower to Moscow as political adviser puts a temporary finis to a conflict between Secretary of State Christian A. Herter and Republican senatorial stalwarts adhering to the Dulles line. Aware that the late Secretary thought Mr. Bohlen's ambassadorial tour in Moscow less than fruitful, that Mr. Bohlen had gained in Moscow more favor with Khrushchev than with Dulles, Senator Styles Bridges and Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen recoiled when, last spring, newspaper columnists identified with the Establishment began touting Bohlen for a new Soviet affairs desk in the State Department.

Senators Bridges and Dirksen protested to Secretary Herter. Before Mr. Herter departed for the second round at Geneva, the Senators thought they had from him a promise not to name Bohlen. The President, when questioned about the Bohlen matter at a press conference, replied with some annoyance that Mr. Herter had not asked for the appointment. Having slighted Bohlen, the President next day tendered his apologies by letter to Manila.

Bohlen's Partisans Active

So far as the public was concerned the matter rested there. But not Bohlen's partisans. The President's initiative for exchanging visits with Khrushchev afforded a new opportunity to introduce Bohlen as a Soviet specialist into the Presidential circle. Mr. Herter, with some austerity, reminded the Senators that the post being set up for Bohlen did not require confirmation.

The Murphy move is cut from the same piece of cloth. If Bohlen's recall signifies a tendency to "de-Dullesize" the State Department, the remarkably swift alteration in Mr. Murphy's role would seem to indicate that John Foster Dulles' shade, or influence, is vanishing altogether from Foggy Bottom.

Mr. Murphy, an eminent foreign service officer, holds permanent five-star rank comparable to that in the military or a fleet admiral or general of the armies. Proficient in Russian (as is Bohlen), Murphy has been regarded as a wise and realistic Presidential counsellor in Cold War strategy and tactics.

On last July 31 Mr. Murphy was nominated Under Secretary of State, one of the three top offices in the department and the highest attainable to a foreign service officer. On September 11, less than six weeks later, it was announced that the Under Secretary had in effect been demoted, being posted Ambassador to Bonn.

What had happened meanwhile? Whether or not this is relevant, Under Secretary Murphy had on September 5, with Mr. Eisenhower in Scotland, the Secretary in Massachusetts, authorized a State Department paper holding Khrushchev's government equally guilty with Red China and Communist North Vietnam of aggression on Laos. It could have been that the President, with Khrushchev due in ten days, thought the allegation wanting in discretion.

Perhaps even more pertinently, Bohlen had been layered in above such extraordinarily competent seniors as Mr. Murphy and Deputy Under Secretary Loy W. Henderson—a procedure which was to Mr. Murphy's scarcely concealed distaste. The best word on what occurred is that Murphy offered his resignation from the Department but was persuaded to accept the assignment to Free Germany.

The difference between a Murphy and a Bohlen at the elbow of the President and the Secretary of State is that the former believes the Dulles policies re Moscow correct, while Mr. Bohlen has good reason not to esteem the late Secretary or his policies. The exchange of Bohlen for Murphy may seem of little public moment. In Foggy Bottom it is pregnant with meaning.



Future of the Common Market

JAMES BURNHAM

Alpbach, Tyrol

In the summer seminar here at Alpbach—a kind of Austrian Aspen, mingling splendid mountain scenery with subsidized culture—there has been no place for any Cold War issue either on the formal agenda of lectures or in the continuous talk, over schnapps and beer and white mountain wine, of the scores of professors and hundreds of students from all western Europe here gathered. Most of those Europeans who direct their concern beyond immediate and domestic boundaries—there are not many of them, of course—seem to be convinced that Europe's eastern flank has for the present period been stabilized by American deterrent power plus NATO. On this assumption, not always openly expressed, they fix their primary interest on Africa and on the Common Market which is today's concrete meaning of "the concept of Europe."

It is in particular businessmen, bankers, economists, political scientists and some politicians who talk about the "European Economic Community," or Common Market as it is more familiarly called. These are the persons who, from their occupational perspectives, are the first to realize the fact that the Common Market is no longer a mere gleam in the eyes of Jean Monnet, Paul Van Zeeland and Paul-Henri Spaak. The Common Market—though still so impalpable that the general public can scarcely see its dim outline through the old European air—exists. It is not just idea, plan, program, hope or threat.

Leaders Opposed

Few of the European leaders wanted the Common Market very much. De Gaulle declared himself flatly against it. Adenauer shared many of Erhard's doubts. Italy worried about its social repercussions on her poorer classes. The three small Benelux nations, though prepared somewhat by their own little common

market, were afraid their industries couldn't stand the competition for 175 million consumers.

But on January 1, 1959, the Common Market was born, as it were, behind the backs of leaders and public alike. The broad pattern of its development is charted in an elaborate treaty, formally ratified by the six initiating members. Today the Common Market is such a little creature that it can easily be overlooked. And it was exceedingly wise, or lucky, to stretch out its growth in such small, drawn-out installments. The jealous nations of Europe could never have swallowed a Common Market in a big gulp or two.

Logic of the Common Market

Small and weak as it still is, the logic of the Common Market begins to impose itself. Banks and investment firms that hope to survive *must* find correspondents throughout the Common Market, not just within the national boundary. Businessmen *must* start to think of mergers, expansions, automation for true mass production, promotion and sales on a mass market scale. There *must* be—and there now is—at least Common Market-wide free convertibility; and if free convertibility, why six different currencies? The tiny specialized shops (pork products but *not* beef or veal or fowl; cheese and butter but *not* milk; pastry and no bread; elastic and pins but no cloth), protected by law and custom in their minute monopolies, *must* retreat before mass merchandising pressures.

Already, indeed, automatic dispensing machines, modest supermarkets, even discount houses are sprouting in a thousand Common Market towns. Already—though quotas have taken only their first leg up and tariffs their first small drop—Volkswagens and Fiats are being bought in the traditionally super-protected French market. The radios, TV's and electric irons of Phillips, the great Dutch elec-

tronics firm, are in shop windows over most of the Continent. Already the border controls are crumbling. (What a pleasure to drive from France to Belgium with only a cheerful "OK" from the French official, and not even a glance at passports from the Belgian!)

Negative Signs of Growth

The soft but tenacious pressure of the Common Market's growth is best judged, perhaps, by the negative responses that it stimulates: from Britain most plainly, as London senses the challenge on the horizon; from the governments of the constituent nations themselves, especially France, which try to counteract the export-import-currency liberalization by new kinds of internal taxes and subsidies; by nations like Austria and Switzerland, which grasp for the moment at Britain's ephemeral plan for an Outer Seven, though they see inexorably ahead a time when they must link themselves economically to the Common Market with which the bulk of their trade is necessarily conducted.

In Brussels one day, discussing the Common Market in their city that they and their colleagues intend shall be the Common Market's capital, three coldly rational Belgians—brain-trusters and operators in one of the two great syndicates that control the Belgian economy—summed up their outlook: "You can't stop a process of this kind, once it has begun. It will take a long time—European habits are deep-rooted. The governments of the separate countries will try to circumvent and sabotage the treaty provisions. But already the step into the Common Market is irrevocable. In business there are a lot of casualties ahead—sluggish managements that can't adapt to the new scale will go down the drain. Tens of thousands of concerns, not to speak of shops, will disappear. But there are immense opportunities ahead also, and those who move boldly will cash in on them. As for the political side, it won't be clear all at once, but the Common Market cannot remain a merely economic fact. Europe—which collectively is far ahead of Russia in most categories—is going to become once again a real factor in the world equilibrium."

The Reluctant Restaurateur

What happened to Willard Yuna when he said "no" to the unions may have had something to do with congressional adoption of a tough labor law

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The six locals of the Culinary Workers, Bartenders, Hotel and Club Service Workers, organized under a local Joint Executive Board, are an important unit of the AFL-CIO in San Francisco. They are partners to about 2,400 contracts covering 25,000 employees, and their strength grows week by week. Only once since 1954 has the Culinary Workers Union struck a picket line. That was in the case of the Colonial Inn, before whose door pickets marched for 925 days, from July 1955, until the end of January 1958, when like the king of France, they marched down the hill again.

Willard Yuna, who owns the Colonial Inn, is a Finn by descent. His people have lived in San Francisco for several generations. He is a big man, strongly built, with an affable, easy-going manner—which can be deceptive. Before going into the restaurant business, he spent eight years as game warden for San Francisco County, a job that requires a considerable expertise in dealing with people, high and low. When Mr. Yuna gave up as game warden, he looked around the area in which he lived, a relatively unstylish part of the "very good" Pacific Heights residential section of San Francisco, and decided to open a restaurant in a building he owned on the corner of Webster and Clay. Across the street is an old red brick building of the Stanford University Hospital. In the neighborhood there are apartment buildings and a few small rooming and lodging houses. Mr. Yuna reasoned a lunch counter and restaurant would go over well with the doctors, nurses and hospital help, with the patients and their visitors.

The Colonial Inn is a yellow building with white trim, cheerful outside and in. Pleasantly decorated, it has

four booths, five tables and a counter where a dozen and a half customers can sit down. It sells newspapers, cigarettes, candy, magazines and quality paperbacks. The place is immaculate. Mr. Yuna has a staff of five. He had seven employees before the Colonial Inn's labor troubles, which started with the morning mail on March 10, 1954, nine months after he had begun his operations. The mail brought a letter from the San Francisco Joint Executive Board informing Mr. Yuna that a meeting had been arranged "for Monday, March 15, 1954, at 10:00 A.M., Room 502, 26 O'Farrell Street" at which he was "requested to present yourself" so that an "amicable agreement [might] be reached between you and the unions" screening "hours, wages and working conditions for the employees in your employ." He was warned: "If you do not attend this meeting the unions will be compelled to take whatever action is necessary to secure such an agreement."

Employees Did Not Want Union

Mr. Yuna's reactions were simple. He had no union employees yet was paying more than union-scale wages. He therefore saw no reason why he should attend the meeting the Culinary Union had arranged; and therefore did not. (The union situation in San Francisco is such that the unions presume they are acting in the employees' interests: thus the Colonial Inn employees had not been approached on the petition whether they wanted enrollment: the approach was to management.)

Four months of indecisive skirmishing were followed by a formal notice to Mr. Yuna from the San Francisco Labor Council: the Culinary Workers had requested strike

sanction against his establishment: It was "suggested" that he attend a meeting at the "Labor Temple." Yuna did not attend. But before this act of absenteeism he asked his employees if they *wanted* to join the union. "They stated they did not want to join the union and would give up their jobs first," he later testified.

Another letter from the Labor Council in October; another meeting Mr. Yuna failed to attend. Finally, on November 1, a Mrs. Frances Zelinsky, business agent for the Waitresses' Union Local No. 48 asked Mr. Yuna's permission for the run of his restaurant for a specified thirty-day period for the purpose of attempting to organize the employees. She also asked Yuna to sign a contingent agreement to join the union, to go into effect January 1, 1955, *provided the employees agreed to sign up with the union during the 30-day period, i.e., by December 1.* Otherwise the agreement would be void. This Yuna agreed to do.

Several days before her month was up, Mrs. Zelinsky called on Yuna and admitted that she had failed to enroll the Colonial Inn employees, and departed. Mr. Yuna—naively, as it developed—concluded that this was the end of it. But consider his subsequent sworn deposition:

On December 1, 1954, Mr. Peter Lallas [business agent for the Waiters and Dairy Lunchmen's Local No. 30] called at the Inn and brought two copies of the [contingent] agreement already filled in and signed by him. . . . I told him about the arrangement with Mrs. Zelinsky and said I would not sign the contract. On January 27, 1955, Mr. Amos McDade [from the Miscellaneous Employees Union, Local No. 110] called to get an agreement signed. I explained about Mrs. Zelinsky and Mr. Lallas and said I would not sign an agreement that would force me to fire my employees or force them into unions against their

will. The next one to approach to get the agreement signed was Mr. William T. Donovan [again from the Miscellaneous Employees]. I explained about Mrs. Zelinsky and Mr. Lallas and Mr. McDade, and I refused to sign.

A year and two months after Mr. Yuna had received the first imperious summons (on Bastille Day, 1955), Lallas and Donovan returned to the Colonial Inn, walked right through the restaurant, into the kitchen and came back dragging the dishwasher behind them. Yuna spotted them from his position by the door, near the cash register. It was about 11:30, when the lunch crowd starts streaming in.

What were they doing with his dishwasher? Yuna asked. Taking him down to the union hall to sign him up. Did he want to go? Yuna addressed his employee. No, said the dishwasher; he just wanted to get back to work. So Yuna told the union men, in roughly as many words, to get the hell out of his restaurant.

Battle Lines Drawn

This amounted to an open declaration of war. The blitz started six days later in the conventional battle hour of the cold post-dawn. It was 6:30 A.M., and Yuna, walking to work from his own home, was accosted by Milo Jurisevic (Cooks, Pastry Cooks and Assistants, Local No. 44). He told Yuna: Sign up before 8:00 A.M., make your employees sign union applications by 8:00 A.M., pay 50 per cent of their entrance fees, or...

Three carloads of pickets were waiting down the street, within eyesight, for the signal.

As the Colonial Inn employees turned up for work, Yuna asked each of them, once again, whether he wanted to sign with the union. The answer was in every case no. At this, Jurisevic—in Yuna's words—promised that "the unions would put us out in the streets inside of thirty days." Later that morning, when Yuna's young son brought in the day's supplies, Jurisevic told the boy's father that the unions would "take care of that."

"I asked him what he meant," Yuna testified, "and Jurisevic pointed to the picket line and said they would get some of the goons to take care of my

son." To which Yuna retorted, "If anything happens to my boy," or to any one working at the Colonial Inn, he, Yuna, would personally retaliate against the picket captains or the higher-ups in the union hierarchy. His son was left alone.

The 925 days of picketing had begun. Yuna tried at once and failed, to get an injunction against the picketers. Unsuccessful, he placed large signs in the windows of the Inn explaining to his clientele that the pickets were not being manned by his employees, and revealing the history of his troubles. He showed a marked flair and inventiveness in his window displays, changing the text often. They became a source of considerable embarrassment to the unions and figured large in the subsequent negotiations between Yuna and the Culinary Workers. Almost from the start, the unions offered to cut back their pickets from a dozen or more men to three—if Willard Yuna would please take down his window signs. He refused.

Pressures were applied to bring him to heel. **First, the two companies** that distributed magazines and paperbacks to the Colonial Inn announced they would not continue to supply Mr. Yuna. Next (October 6, 1955), the Sheriff's office served a writ of attachment on Mr. Yuna ordering him to pay a total of \$750 at once in cash (\$563.85 plus court costs)—the sum the San Francisco Restaurant and Tavern Welfare Fund alleged he owed for retroactive insurance for his employees from January 1, 1955—on the assumption that the Colonial Inn had a contract with the union, which it did not.

Yuna posted bond the following morning, and filed a cross-complaint charging fraud and claiming damages for additional expenses and loss of business. His suit did not come to trial for sixteen months. During that period the harassment continued.

Sometimes the picketers were toughs, big, hard-drinking bullies who badgered the customers; and then sometimes they would be replaced by feeble old men and women, in a bid for public sympathy. At times the pickets made a show of taking down the license numbers of those entering the restaurant. At one point they refused to allow garbage pickup trucks to approach the

Inn, so that Yuna was forced to rent his own truck, and for several weeks carted out his own garbage. Anonymous complaints were lodged with the City Health Department—which resulted in countless inspections by city officials for alleged violations of sanitary and other regulations, none of which was ever proved. A car mechanic who accepted a cup of coffee from Yuna while discussing a repair job for the Colonial Inn station wagon was reported to his union and given alternative means of atonement: he could pay a \$100 fine, or do eight hours picket-duty in front of the Colonial Inn. A tradesman later testified in court that after he had been warned to stay away from the Colonial Inn, and refused, "someone" put sugar in the gasoline tank of his car.

As a precautionary measure, to avoid after dark operations, Yuna advanced the closing hour of the Inn from 9 P.M. to 7 P.M., which cost him much of his supper trade. It was not, however, all high tragedy by any means. The pickets showed that they had nothing personal against Willard Yuna; they were merely doing a day's work, as required by the union. Occasionally, when a picket arrived for duty only to find the picket captain away, he would report in to Mr. Yuna and Yuna would obligingly check him in and pick up his assignment slip. Most of the customers remained faithful.

Trial by Jury

The Colonial Inn case came to trial before the Superior Court of California on February 4, 1957, Judge Preston Devine presiding. Since the pickets had been posted, 570 days had gone by. The jury was asked a) to decide on the validity of the agreement the unions claimed to have signed with Mr. Yuna, and therefore to rule on the claims and counter-claims including the insurance payments and b) to determine whether or not the unions were guilty of illegal picketing. It is believed by Judge Devine to have been the first time in the legal history of the United States that a jury trial had been demanded in a case of this type—on the question of forced organization.

The unions' case was this. The "Memorandum Agreement" which



Mr. Yuna had signed with Mrs. Zelinsky, they insisted, was a firm labor contract which Willard Yuna had broken. ("We had a contract. He broke it. Our contracts aren't broken," the Executive Secretary of the Culinary Workers summed up the unions' case to a researcher). Yuna insisted that the contract failed to come into being when Mrs. Zelinsky failed to sign up his employees.

On February 14, while the jury was out, Judge Devine made a last effort at conciliation. At a meeting in his chambers, the union attorneys suggested a compromise. They would remove the pickets immediately if Yuna would sign a contract, effective six months later, during which time his employees would be "signed up." Yuna refused.

An hour later, the jury brought in a verdict in his favor, ruling that he had entered into no contract with the unions. Several days later the same jury awarded him \$1,015.32 in damages for illegal picketing. But the picketing continued.

Property Destruction

On December 12, 1957, the Colonial Inn went to court again, with evidence consisting of motion pictures, sworn affidavits and photographs, to request a permanent injunction against picketing. The unions were ordered to appear on December 26 to answer charges.

Three days before that time, between the hours of midnight and 5:30 A.M., on December 23, some one poured an inflammable liquid under

the front door of the Colonial Inn and lit it. The resulting fire burned up the side of the door and surrounding windows. The fire charred a six-foot-long strip of vinyl tile, caused smoke damage to the walls and ceilings and melted the light switches by the door. The heat cracked a quarter inch plate glass window.

On Christmas Eve, the insurance adjuster sent out some glass by truck. But the driver of the glass company truck, having stopped to talk to the pickets, refused to cross the line. The contractor chosen by the insurance company to make the necessary repairs also refused to take on the job. Whereupon the Gulf Insurance Company notified Yuna (on January 2, 1958) that it was cancelling his fire insurance policy. A second insurance company withdrew its fire and lighting coverage nineteen days later.

It was then, when the situation seemed blackest, that the California Supreme Court ruled in the Garmon case. The Garmon Lumber Company of Escondido, California, had refused to sign a contract with the San Diego Building Trades Council after its employees indicated they did not want to belong to the union. Garmon got an injunction against the union picketing which the Building Trades Council appealed to the California Supreme Court. The court ruled that Garmon's entry into a union shop agreement with the unions against the wishes of the employees would have constituted a violation of the state labor code (Section 923), which prohibits interference with the rights of employees to determine their own

collective bargaining arrangements. It, in effect, barred organizational picketing when employees have rejected union membership.

Seven days after *Garmon*, the unions came to Willard Yuna with still another proposal. If he would waive his claim for the judgment which had been awarded him by the jury and agree not to file another suit for damages; and if he would in addition remove all the signs from his building explaining his side of the dispute, they would pull out the picket line.

Mr. Yuna refused. And the following day, January 28, 1958, he filed a new complaint in Superior Court for an injunction and damages, basing his action on *Garmon*.

Determination Won Out

That did it. The union leaders realized what kind of a man they were up against. On January 31, they proposed a simple deal. You take down your signs and we'll remove our pickets. And, *mirabile dictu*, Willard Yuna agreed. On February 27, he received three checks from the unions totaling \$1,920.82 in full payment of the various claims against them. And that was the end.

What had it proved? Legally, it was a draw. Willard Yuna never did get his injunction. The United States Supreme Court subsequently overruled the California court's *Garmon* decision which meant that the unions, theoretically at least, were free to send their pickets back to the corner of Webster and Clay for another test of strength. This they did not do. But in the long run it was the granite determination of Willard Yuna—and a handful of other Willard Yunas throughout the country, all of them willing to stake everything they owned on the belief that no one should be compelled to join a union against his will—which dramatized the need for labor reform.

In the newly enacted labor bill there is a clause banning so-called "blackmail picketing" (picketing to force an employer to accept a union contract when his own employees, in a supervised election, have indicated they do not wish to join the union). It should, in practice, mitigate the pressures the unions can bring to bear in their organizational drives.

Soviet Word-Twisters

LEO DUDIN

When President Eisenhower and Nikita Khrushchev met in Washington last week, their talks were a three-cornered game. Ike heard Nikita's voice but the message he got was what his interpreter had been able to make of Khrushchev's words. Khrushchev, in turn, understood only so much of Eisenhower's ideas as his interpreter was able to grasp.

An interpreter, unlike a translator, cannot consult a dictionary or a reference book; he is expected to be conversant in all subjects, to be a living translating machine without ideas of his own, without likes or dislikes, and so fluent in two languages that he can fill in the gaps when a speaker stumbles or leaves phrases and sentences unfinished. A Soviet interpreter has one additional talent. He is an active third element in any talk a Kremlin leader holds with an outsider. He is a member of the "team," dedicated to turning the situation to the advantage of his master.

Khrushchev's chief interpreter in the U.S., Oleg Troyanovsky, is a counselor in the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs and one of today's best living interpreters. A son of the late Soviet Ambassador to Washington, he studied in American schools and is practically bilingual.

How he does his job was vividly demonstrated last January at the "Meet the Press" NBC television program when Anastas Mikoyan faced an inquisitive panel composed of Lawrence E. Spivak, Marquis Childs and Harry Schwartz of the *New York Times*, with Troyanovsky as the interpreter. Troyanovsky's position was difficult and very delicate. Two of the panelists had a good command of Russian. He could assume that among the listening millions were many Russian-speaking persons who could easily detect any impropriety in his interpreting. Nevertheless, in quite a few instances Troyanovsky distorted questions asked by panelists and doctored Mikoyan's answers.

In a discussion of the comparative

truthfulness of the U.S. and Soviet press, Spivak asked: "Did the Soviet press report that the Americans killed no one in Lebanon while the Soviets killed more than 20,000 Hungarians? Did it report that American troops were pulled out of Lebanon but the Soviets refused to get out of Hungary, or that the U.S. complied with UN recommendations while the Soviets refused to do so?" And then Spivak added: "Is this a sample of our untruthful reports and your truthful reports?" Troyanovsky did not translate that last sentence and thus gave Mikoyan a chance to accuse Spivak of cold war propaganda.

Harry Schwartz questioned Mikoyan about the present cult of Khrushchev's personality in the USSR: "Many Americans . . . are becoming impressed with the notion that perhaps a new cult of personality is arising around Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Khrushchev is never criticized in the Soviet press. Does this mean that like Stalin he can commit no wrong and he can make no mistake until some successor comes and exposes his cult of personality?" Troyanovsky never translated that sentence into Russian—an obvious attempt to kill the whole purpose of Schwartz's questions.

When translating Mikoyan's answers into English, Troyanovsky did not act merely as a technician but actively assisted his boss whenever the latter committed a blunder. Answering Schwartz's question, Mikoyan replied: ". . . I am not being criticized either, or Kozlov, or Kirichenko . . ." In these words Mikoyan admitted that Kirichenko is today one of the most influential persons in the USSR. Troyanovsky, when translating Mikoyan's answer, omitted the name Kirichenko. Who is Kirichenko?

Aleksey I. Kirichenko is a full member of the Party Presidium and one of the secretaries of its Central Committee. For more than ten years he was Khrushchev's right hand in the Ukraine and, according to all

available information, he seems to play in the Kremlin the same role today that was played by Georgi M. Malenkov under Stalin and by Khrushchev himself in the immediate post-Stalin era—that of the actual boss of the Party apparatus. But he keeps in the background and thus escapes the Western guessing game concerning Khrushchev's probable successor. Mikoyan, heated by his scuffle with Schwartz, had revealed more than he was supposed to. But Troyanovsky was quick in correcting his master.

In another case Troyanovsky went even further in his self-imposed role. Speaking of West Germany, Mikoyan said: "Finally, this principle of living space is quite wrong. Hitler demanded living space for the German nation, claiming that a big nation cannot live in a small territory. Now territory is even smaller, the nation is even bigger, and they live better than under Hitler."

This statement contradicted the basic line of Soviet propaganda about "poor" living conditions in West Germany. Troyanovsky, therefore, recast Mikoyan's entire answer and gave it the following noncommittal form: "And then this concept of living space is something which Hitler liked to refer to, saying that the German nation must have living space to live in. But, in actual fact, a country with an even denser population might live better than a country with a sparser population."

In addition to these daring tricks, Troyanovsky considerably changed the image of Mikoyan. Mikoyan spoke harshly, used slightly veiled threats, and revealed, at times, his rather primitive way of thinking. In Troyanovsky's English version Mikoyan's statements sounded witty, sometimes rather sharp, but always smoother and more highly polished than they were in the Russian original.

Troyanovsky did not hesitate to do all this in plain view of a multi-million TV audience. One can only imagine how far Soviet interpreters go in the seclusion of the Kremlin and of the Soviet country houses where so much of our diplomacy is conducted these days. How truthful can their interpreting be when Western visitors try to interview the Soviet man on the street, when these interpreters are masters of the situation?

Can India Be Defended?

If India can be won by conquest or subversion, neutralist Asia will fall into the Communist camp. There's a way, if Nehru has the will

REGINALD HARGREAVES

There is a saying in India that "Conquerors always come over the mountains." With the brutal conquest of Tibet, Communist imperialism is poised and ready to exploit the softening up to which it has subjected India almost from the day it achieved its independence in 1947.

Ahmed Din, one of the country's leading Socialists, long since warned: "Tibet is being prepared as a military base for a military-political offensive against India. Roads are being built linking Tibet with China as well as the Soviet Union, thus making army movements easier. Aerodromes are being built hastily so close to India that Delhi is within easy bombing distance. Hindi is being taught to Chinese soldiers in Tibet; Communist agents are working in our midst in the guise of Buddhist monks." He might well have added that organizations long established on the Tibetan-Indian frontier, such as the Commercial Academy and the Border Affairs Office, have been utilized as training schools for agents and infiltrators, who have penetrated not only India but the neighboring States of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan.

With Tibet overrun if not yet pacified, Pandit Nehru must make up his mind whether he prefers to support Chou En-lai's "Five Principles of *Panch Sila*" (peaceful coexistence) by accepting the role of an Asian Grotewohl—and thereafter enjoy the sort of neighborly comradeship that Jonah experienced in the belly of the whale—or abandon his present state of degrading neutralism.

The defense of India does, of course, present many difficult problems. The country is enclosed north, east and west by a formidable barricade of mountains; but they are not impenetrable. In the east, Mao Tse-tung has constructed a highway to link up with the old Burma Road, leading to the Brahmaputra Valley, through

East Pakistan to Dinajpur and thence to Calcutta. The route out of Tibet by way of Tezpur is anything but easy going, as was painfully demonstrated by the time it took for the fugitive Dalai Lama to reach sanctuary. But this line of advance has the advantage of leading to Misamari with its invaluable railway and airstrip. Further west, in the northern marches of the Garwal District of Uttar Pradesh, Chinese troops have already penetrated the mountain barrier to occupy the valley outpost once manned by the Indian Army. There they are within less than 250 miles of Delhi, although difficult country separates them from the capital. Further west again, the Umassi Pass slices through the Himalayas less than 200 miles north of Lahore.

Since the Chinese have been at pains to construct airfields on the Tibetan flatlands, as close as possible to the mountain barrier, all the rich cities of the Gangetic Plain—Allahabad, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares and Cawnpore—lie within range of Communist bombers.

Invasion Routes

Given Russian cooperation—covert or overt—the classic invasion route by way of the Khyber Pass would be open to any force based on Krasnovodsk, on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea. There is also a difficult but not impossible route across the massif and passes of the Jamirs and Karakorams. Were Russian collaboration to go to the lengths of contributing a "volunteer" force of her own Mongolian auxiliaries, under nominal Chinese leadership, it would be possible to launch another invasion force—Korea fashion!—whose objective would be the Bolan Pass, below Quetta. The line of advance would be along the border separating Iran and Afghanistan. The latter is

already riddled with Red agents, while Iran alone could oppose no serious opposition to a force advancing from Astara, on the southwestern corner of the Caspian.

All the approach routes cited pose movement and supply problems that the typical overburdened Western field force might well find insuperable. The Chinese soldier, like his Russian counterpart, can as Otto Skorzeny pointed out, "sleep without hurt in wringing wet clothes, and live on roots from the field, . . . as he can drink from marshes and shell holes, and subsist virtually without supply columns." His meager personal supplies and the ammunition he requires can be humped forward by a human chain of expendable peasants. This endows the Communist armies with a mobility it would be highly dangerous to underestimate.

Should Red China utilize Tibet as a stepping stone toward the attempted subjugation of India, even Nehru may be brought to realize that the power politics he affects to despise are nothing more nor less than the politics of not being overpowered. If that psychological *volte face* were followed to its logical conclusion, the world would be regaled with the unlooked-for spectacle of India's Prime Minister standing forth as the champion of armed resistance to Communist aggression.

To render such a stand even partially effective, however, Nehru would first have to reconcile the grave differences which have embittered relations between India and Pakistan ever since "the Separation." For without the cooperation and support of her neighbor India could not hope to defend herself. Yet burying the hatchet would be anything but easy. Memory of the million slain and fourteen million uprooted and rendered homeless at the time of "the Separation" dies remarkably

hard. Furthermore, Nehru's intransigence over the plebiscite ordered by the UN to determine Kashmir's future makes reasonable agreement on the problem of accessibility to the waters of the Indus difficult in the extreme.

Should Red China decide to invade India, its armies would have to move through a few relatively narrow mountain passes. These offer innumerable vantage points to defense forces based on Peshawar, Lahore and Rawalpindi, and therefore enjoying far greater axial lines of communication than those to which the would-be invader would be committed. Laterally, however, the defensive communications system leaves a great deal to be desired. Were Indian troops drawn off to a secondary front by a successful feint, it would be extremely difficult to switch them to the crucial theater in time for them usefully to intervene. This would also apply to a central reserve, always providing it were possible to build one up with the troops available and still allocate sufficient forces to ensure internal security—particularly in Communist Kerala and deeply suspect Calcutta. For the material resources available to maintain their forces are extremely limited, both in India and Pakistan.

With "the Separation," the Indian Army was divided, with fifteen infantry regiments, of two battalions, going to India and eight to Pakistan; with artillery and other ancillary arms in proportion. In addition, India took over six of the ten double-battalion Gurkha regiments. The Indian Army Command could mobilize up to half a million men and several air squadrons. Pakistan could add 150,000 partially mechanized ground troops, and an Air Force flying a certain number of Sabrejets.

No one who fought with or alongside the old Indian Army can harbor any doubt as to the fine fighting quality of the rank and file, but the High Command, both in India and Pakistan, is without experience in war organization and direction. Moreover, in a land so stratified by caste and tainted by Communist penetration, the lack of a sense of national unity would enormously handicap an alliance in which the partners already eyed each other warily.

In any case such limited forces,

with monetary and industrial resources entirely inadequate even to peacetime needs, could not hope by themselves to hold off a prolonged, all-out Communist offensive. Ultimate salvation would have to come from outside. Nehru, of course, has always scorned to associate himself with such defense structures as the Baghdad Pact and SEATO. Pakistan, on the other hand, as a member of the Northern Tier alliance of Britain, Turkey and Iran, might be the medium through which vital aid in men and supplies could be funnelled.

Communist Subversion

India's vociferous Congress Party repudiated not only British coercion and use of force, but *all* coercion and *all* force. It objected not only to foreign entanglements imposed by the British, but to *all* foreign entanglements. In effect, its attitude was based upon the extraordinary belief that, once the British had departed, India could opt out of this sordid, contaminating world altogether. The endeavor to live up to this bubble-borne belief created a political vacuum of which Communist imperialism was swift to take advantage.

The Communist grip on rural co-operatives and village councils has grown steadily. Despite heavy U.S. subsidies to help expand its industrial potential, India remains a land of small village communities. The *ryots*, the impoverished peasant-cultivators, make up 80 per cent of the population. The average *ryot*, of a political naiveté bordering on the infantile, is a positive gift to the Red propagandist. A similar susceptibility characterizes India's sixty million "untouchables," whose miserable lot has, if possible, deteriorated under the Congress Party's regime of inflexible caste privilege.

The new chauvinism's shrill, intoxicating slogans were consistently employed as camouflage to disguise the Reds' real intentions, until even Nehru was forced to concede that "Communism invariably succeeds in India when it is allied to nationalism." It was not until 1957, however, that the politically myopic Prime Minister lugubriously revealed that a whole decade earlier, at a secret conclave of the Calcutta Communist Conference, it had been determined

to bend every effort to impose Communism, tricked out as nationalism, on India, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia. By 1957 the steady progress of the Reds' campaign was self-evident. A series of Communist risings, lasting from 1947 to 1950, had culminated in the open dedication of the state of Kerala to the doctrines of Marx and Lenin. This territory, with its population of 13,600,000, constitutes a subversive corner on India's western seaboard; it would form an important link in any Sino-Russian drive first to isolate and then to conquer India.

India is the linchpin which holds together the whole precarious spill-kin structure of the "neutralist" or "uncommitted" East. There are 450 million non-Sino Asiatics dwelling in the lands contiguous to India. Since their political destiny cannot be separated from that of their bigger neighbor, the fate achieved by, or inflicted upon, the sub-continent's 400 million inhabitants will inevitably be theirs also. And Red China stands massed on India's frontiers.

Although Nehru would hesitate to call on representatives of the race that jailed him for a total of thirteen years, still India could not be left to defeat before the trampling legions of Communist imperialism. For the weakness at the root of one state, once it spreads, can involve the whole world in tribulation.

Neither would subjugation of the Southeast Asia massif put a period to Communism's triumph. Mao's China has no navy; but "volunteer" submarines under the Red flag, with a token Chinese crew and unlimited Russian "advisers," could turn the Indian Ocean into a Communist lake. This would not only seal off the Suez Canal and stop all oil shipments from the Persian Gulf, but disastrously outflank America's whole system of Pacific defense, while writing off Australia in the process.

Apart from the ethical consideration that "to be neutral between right and wrong is to serve wrong," enlightened self-interest would counsel the West to cease regarding India and Southwest Asia as nothing more than an ever-extended begging bowl, and to start thinking about it as potentially the most vital, as well as easily the most likely, scene of "brush fire warfare" in the world today.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

After the "World Youth Festival"

Vienna's Communist-directed Youth Festival is over and the time has come to strike a balance. Was it a clever move of Austrian Chancellor Raab to permit the "Youth Festival" to be held in Vienna, i.e., in a city outside the Soviet orbit; or did such an opportunity offer tangible advantages to Communism?

A number of anti-Communists protested the Chancellor's surprise move, accusing him of concessions to Communism in anxiety to avoid Russian ill-will. Perhaps Herr Raab dreaded serious Soviet pressure; however, it is highly unlikely that he surrendered to fear. All evidence indicates that this step was a calculated risk, taken despite minority support. And the gamble seems to have paid off. Moscow's carefully prepared propaganda gambit boomeranged.

The mistake of well-meaning Austrian youth organizations (from the moderate right to the moderate left) was in staging protest demonstrations and distributing protest leaflets against the Festival. Such energies (and expenditures) might have been better channeled to the education and enlightenment of the hapless participants. It is doubtful whether the almost unanimous rejection of invitations by the free-world non-Communist youth organization was perspicacious. Which side, we must ask ourselves, has the most to fear from contacts or contaminations, inquiries or debates? Those who know the truth—or those who know only lies? Those who enjoy freedom and abundance or those who dwell in dire servitude?

As an Austrian and a student of the Soviet scene, I have always believed that the desire for freedom and truth is so strong in the youth behind the Iron Curtain that we could score a success among them with even token counter-organization. The Western inferiority complex, in the face of trained Communist dialecticians, crippled us. There were other excuses: that Eastern youngsters would be so

carefully guarded as to render human contacts impossible. That the Soviets' five million dollars could never be matched by the West—therefore we were automatically licked. I cannot imagine a more thoroughly materialistic rationale for defeatism.

What actually happened in Vienna? Naturally, the West did not dump five million dollars on the line, but its investment included the enthusiasm of our young men and women, who really enjoyed the encounter. The Austrian press cooperated splendidly. Not even the pinkest pseudo-Liberal paper wrote a line about the Festival; thus idle curiosity failed to lure the Viennese as spectators and backdrops to the Communist propaganda device. Only the tiny Austrian Communist minority (left without Parliamentary representation in the last election) masqueraded as the "public," and supplied a number of "guides" and primitively armed "protectors" against "fascist elements."

The various Western visitors and participants demonstrated an individualism which quickly became the despair of the Eastern leadership. Americans and Italians, many of them tending toward Communism but not entirely convinced, walked out noisily on various "discussions" rigged to silence the opposition—an education in itself for them. Czechs, Hungarians, Chinese, Rumanians, and Bulgarians were virtually kept under lock and key; they had to march through the streets in closed formations; they had no money to spend—and, naturally, were furious about the prohibitions. (The Poles, on the other hand, could not be regimented at all.)

The Western "seducers" worked diligently. There were 1,500 young Catholics, members of the Young Life League; there was an American-sponsored organization; there was the well-trained Socialist Youth, eager to demonstrate its anti-Communism. The Catholics arranged an exhibition entitled "Unvanquished

Faith," which attracted 40,000 visitors, a third of them foreigners, though not all of them participants in the Festival. (Participation was estimated at 12,000, though 15,000 were expected.) The various information booths serviced by the Austrian youth organizations had about 4,000 visitors daily. No less than 1,700 festival guests from East and West went by car and bus to the Hungarian border where they saw the watch-towers and the barbed wire—visible testimony to the existence of the Iron Curtain. In addition, 22,000 postcards showing these iniquitous fortifications of tyranny were distributed. The St. John's Club (*Johannesklub*) busily invited the "unwanted guests" to meals with Viennese families. In St. Stephen's Cathedral confessions could be made in 17 languages and penitents waited in long lines.

Many books (at considerable expense) were distributed at the information booths, with considerable success. Among them, Orwell's *Animal Farm* and 1984, Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, *The New Class*, by Milovan Djilas and several works by Professor Roepke.

The Festival attempted to attract masses by sports events and folk dances—the latter in front of the monument for the Red Army (nicknamed the "Unknown Rapist" by the Viennese). The folk dance performances were excellent, but the non-cooperation of the Viennese non-Communists impressed visitors also. A number of seminars and instruction courses went on, open only to certain Festival participants. The press was not admitted. The main purpose was methodical indoctrination of visitors from underdeveloped areas. The big meeting for young teachers in the *Sophiensäle*, attended by 202 teachers, was public, and furtive efforts to silence the opposition failed. Hecklers frequently received stormy applause.

Very few defections of Easterners occurred for the simple reason that such an act might have endangered the life and liberty of parents. Moreover, the youngsters were told before reaching Vienna that the Austrian Government had promised to hand over defectors to the Communists—a bold lie. This, obviously, was not the last World Youth Festival—but it was certainly the very last one which will be held in a free country.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Chancellor Kimpton and the Chicago Review

"When a butcher says that his heart bleeds for you," Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell, "he means nothing by it." It is cant. Similarly, when a Marxist bursts into furious protests against threats to freedom of the press, I am amused: it is cant. For the Communist and the Communist-sympathizer, if they believe in their first principles, care nothing for such bourgeois liberties. "Freedom?" said Lenin. "What for? What for?"

Mr. John Ciardi, in one of his frequent fits of splenetics in the pages of the *Saturday Review* (June 27, 1959), exploded into holy Leftish wrath against Dr. Lawrence Kimpton, Chancellor of the University of Chicago. Mr. Ciardi is a man of the far Left. He is also a good poet, and has said sensible things on various subjects; his politics, I think, are confused and at variance with his inner nature. He blends fellow-traveling notions with a kind of anarchic Liberalism—confusion worse confounded. His attack on Chancellor Kimpton, under the title "The Book Burners and Sweet Sixteen," is an interesting example of what is called "disintegrated" or "ritualistic" Liberalism, combining with a doctrinaire Marxist detestation of all things established and of "bourgeois morality."

Dr. Kimpton's crime is that he suspended publication of the *Chicago Review* on the ground that one issue—like some others before it, indeed—contained a good deal of obscenity. Mr. Ciardi endeavors to prove that it was not obscene by arguing that certain courts in this land might possibly let it slip by, if the *Chicago Review* were brought before them in a case, with a verdict substantially of "not proved." Since certain courts in America seem unwilling to admit that anything is pornographic, this argument of Mr. Ciardi's is not thoroughly convincing. Chancellor Kimpton's administration of the University of Chicago has been prudent and con-

ciliatory. Unlike his predecessor in office, Dr. Kimpton has leant over backward to avoid interference with faculty and students. He certainly is no enemy to freedom of expression. Take this passage, for instance, from his convocation address in June 1957:

The first intangible that one always feels around a great university is a sense of freedom. It is not a postured, self-conscious thing, and one rarely hears the word on a great campus. Those who shout freedom loudest are generally those who are concerned to express their own unorthodoxy and deny the privilege to others. The freedom of a great university is as natural as the air, and no amount of shouting will produce it. The scientist and the scholar pursue their research in whatever direction it leads them, with no other motive than the discovery of truth itself. But it is also a disciplined freedom, except that the discipline is imposed by the facts and by the character of the scholar. . . . Personnel officers are so careful to obtain the good organization man, the kind who fits in happily with the routines of the office, that the new and significant can hardly happen. I do not mean that we have to cherish the deviant, the odd-ball, simply because he is this way, but I come very close to recommending this.

This is a sound general policy for a university, I think: and Mr. Kimpton has acted in accordance with it. He suspended the *Chicago Review*, reluctantly, only after months of protest against its character from friends of the University and, indeed, from students. The *Chicago Review* commenced publication several years ago as a vigorous and promising magazine of ideas and criticism, brought out by undergraduates. But more recently the University Press assumed the responsibility of publication; and about the same time editorial control passed into the hands, for the most part, of that silly undergraduate avant-garde clique which tries to be emancipated and succeeds only in being unbuttoned. In the number against which Dr. Kimpton had to take action, several of the more notorious beatnik

freak-writers scribbled away at their crawlies—most notably in extracts from "Naked Lunch," a beatnik description of drug-addiction. The contributors fulfilled Ambrose Bierce's definition of Realism, in *The Devil's Dictionary*: "Realism, n. The art of depicting nature as it is seen by toads."

Now the point really pertinent is whether a great university is compelled to publish and subsidize, and lend its name to, any superficial clique of undergraduates which has contrived to gain control of a university publication. Whether or not the contents of the *Chicago Review* might possibly escape post-office censorship or prosecution for obscenity is almost irrelevant. The girlie magazines generally manage to evade the laws against pornographic publication; but this does not mean that the University of Chicago Press has a moral obligation to publish a student-edited *Playboy* or *Rogue*. A university presumably has students of truth and taste superior to those of unscrupulous commercial publishers. That the student editors of the *Chicago Review* presumably did not intend to encourage seduction, rape and onanism (which, Mr. Ciardi implies, ought to be the only grounds—if any grounds at all are allowed—for restraint in writing and publishing) does not alter the fact that their magazine was indecent.

Most of the former editors of the *Chicago Review* now are bringing out their own magazine, *Big Table*—which is expected to find itself in trouble with the Post Office. They have a right to write and publish what they like, so long as it is within the law—and so long as it is at the expense of their own pockets and reputations, not charged against a university that is expected to bear the blame but to have no hand in policy.

Mr. Ciardi, Pharisee-like, concludes his denunciation of Chancellor Kimpton thus: "There can be no compromise with the book burners. There is only the duty to hold them in disgust, and the hope that they can be made to understand the scorn of freer and better men." As a genuine gentleman never calls himself a gentleman, so a freer and better man never calls himself a freer and better man.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

The New Dealer Shows Through

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Adolf A. Berle Jr. is a unique phenomenon: he managed to stay with Franklin D. Roosevelt to the end (with a sabbatical spent in the entourage of Fiorello La Guardia), yet he never succumbed to the notion that a nation's progress is to be measured by the operations of Parkinson's Law. When Roosevelt was ringing the changes on the theme of the "money-changers" and the "economic royalists," Berle listened in silence. Once back in private life after 1946, however, he proceeded to come up with some theses that have sorely tried his old ADA friends. Along with David Lilienthal of TVA fame he decided that corporations were not monsters. On the contrary, he said, they were quite definitely prone to "consult the "public consensus"; indeed, they had developed a "corporate conscience."

Having shocked his friends, it might be supposed that Berle had necessarily put himself in a position to please his old enemies. Reading his latest book, *Power Without Property* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75), however, one is chiefly impressed with Berle's refusal to press his thinking home. It is not that this book is bad or without interest, or lacking in elegance and verve. Berle is original in his arrangement of perspectives, and he writes with both pungency and grace.

But the New Dealer in him always triumphs in moments of ultimate showdown: he can't bring himself to say that the "market" is a more efficient and humane judge of activity than a group of intellectuals devoted to the Galbraithian notions that a "social budget" must be "planned."

The analysis in *Power Without Property* will be familiar to anyone who has previously read Mr. Berle's *The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution*. Briefly, it is that stockholders no longer have any appreciable control over what corporations choose to do with the profits they generate. Under the "changing habits" of modern capitalism, three-fifths of the capital requirements in industry and trade are provided from internal corporate sources and another fifth comes from bank credit. Of the remaining fifth, much is contributed by pension trusts, by insurance companies and by mutual funds, all of which are managed by professional administrators. The individual capitalist no longer has even "working control" of most of the behemoths that constitute American industry.

Instead, self-perpetuating boards and a managerial elite run things with only nominal reference to the stockholder, who is supposedly the locus of legitimate industrial power.

This divorce of ownership from power might be condemned as irresponsible. But Berle engages in no such condemnation. For if the stockholder no longer has economic control of his property, he does have recourse to the power of public opinion. Along with the consumer the stockholder reaches a "public consensus." With the threat of possible political interference always looming up, the managers of industry pay strict attention to that "consensus" when it comes to giving the public what it wants. Consulting the "corporate conscience" as informed by the "public consensus," the managers deftly manage to please the customer, to give increasing "social security" to labor, and to retain enough profits for future development without angering a common stock interest that is always hungry for dividends.

What the reader misses in this picture is any appreciation of the sub-

tlety of market forces. It is perfectly true that the modern stockholder, particularly if he happens to be one of small means, no longer tends to work in a business whose policies he directly helps to frame. But this does not mean that it is only through his contribution to the "public consensus" that he affects the decisions of the managers. Of much greater import is the stockholder's access to his broker. A decision to sell stock is equivalent in the market to a veto vote. Contrariwise, a decision to buy is equivalent to a vote of confidence. There is hardly a corporation manager in America who doesn't begin his day without at least a sidelong glance at the stock market page to see whether he has stockholder approval of what he is doing or about to do. Nor does the fact that three-fifths of the money for expansion in American industry comes from retained profits serve to alter the picture. Whether he is a direct investor or a participator in a mutual fund, the stockholder still has recourse to his broker if he doesn't approve what managers are doing with retained earnings. As for a man who is locked into a pension trust or an insurance policy, he cannot easily get at management by an order to buy or sell. But the probability is that if a pension trust or insurance company manager should prove recreant to his responsibility as a fiduciary agent, he would soon hear from his charges.

BERLE THINKS the modern capitalist system of voluntary private "collectivisms" (the corporations) serves the individual far better than the compulsory collectivism of the totalitarian countries. Private investment, in this view, is better than public investment. But when it comes to saying why this should be so, Berle is at a loss. The reason for his personal obfuscation derives, I think, from his one-sided way of looking at power. When Berle speaks of power, he is thinking of the ability to force others to do one's bidding, or to lis-

ten to one's advice. Investors do, of course, desire this sort of power. But along with this power they also want the power to be free. If a management is behaving itself reasonably well, the investor will often be willing to trade immediate power over the corporation's policies for the power to be free that is inherent in good dividends or in a retained earnings program that makes for good capital gains. Indeed, property always confers power of some sort, even if it is only freedom to live without kowtowing to those who lust for the power of coercing others.

Since Berle is not particularly concerned with property as a prime generator of the power to be free, he is a sucker for the idea that it does not

matter very much if the State steps in to commandeer income to pay for an ever-expanding "social budget." So, in the end, he reverts to a New Dealism that would transfer a lot of free social power to the State. Just where he would finally draw the "Statist line" (to use Peter Viereck's phrase) is not apparent in *Power Without Property*. Hence his good words for the corporation imply no promise that either managers or stockholders can ever be safe from the threat that their power to act on the one hand, or to be free on the other, will always be at the mercy of the political dynamism of charismatic leaders. It was at this point, in 1933, that Mr. Berle, the Brain-Truster, first came in.

Report on Latin America, I

Look Southward

J. FRED RIPPY

PROBABLY no region in the world is more important to the security and prosperity of the United States than the vast area south of the Río Grande customarily described as Latin America. Yet preoccupation with Europe, the Orient and Africa has often obscured this fact, especially in recent years. Now that the marching mobs south of the border have attracted our notice, writers have again become busy trying to supply us with the data we require to understand and appreciate our hemispheric neighbors. Some of their contributions will be described in the paragraphs that follow.

The uncle in Edward Tomlinson's *Look Southward, Uncle* (Devin-Adair, \$6.00) is of course Uncle Sam; but the author's remarks are aimed at the people of the United States as well as their government. He tells our people and our politicians that our near neighbors are advancing toward higher levels of living and toward governments more responsive to the felt needs of the governed. But he also contends that they are dissatisfied with both their economic and political progress, and he insists that, while the Communists in their midst have frequently been frustrated, they

are still busy, openly or covertly, with subversive machinations, particularly among college and university students and within the labor unions. Though not very enthusiastic for our global "mutual-assistance" programs, he feels that if this heavy burden is to be cast upon our backs with respect to all the rest of the world, save Soviet Russia and Red China, the nations south of the Río Grande are entitled to a somewhat larger proportion. Since Mr. Tomlinson is better informed and more judicious than many of our journalists, his book deserves serious consideration. Like most Americans, both North and South, he probably does not know the full extent of the aid that we have sent to Latin America during the period since World War II—actually a grand total, directly and indirectly, of well above three billion dollars—but that we should either give Latin Americans more assistance or other countries less seems to be a sound conclusion.

Professor John D. Martz chose a much smaller area for his study. *Central America: The Crisis and the Challenge* (University of North Carolina Press, \$7.50) deals with only six

countries with a combined population of hardly 10,000,000 and an aggregate area of about 200,000 square miles, and the discussion is confined mainly to the period since 1944. This area, however, is one of peculiar strategic significance, largely on account of the Panama Canal. The nature of the crisis the author does not quite make clear, although presumably it is connected with this important means of communication and the danger of Communist infiltration and control. The challenge to which he alludes, as almost anyone might guess, is a challenge to the United States to give more attention to these countries, and by this he means more technical and economic assistance. But the United States has already doled out to the Central Americans a total amounting to more than \$209 million during fiscal years 1946-58. Including indirect contributions and others made to Panama by the terms of a recent treaty modifying the earlier agreement dealing with the Canal, that total would rise to well above \$250 million. But Professor Martz and certain Central American leaders think this is by no means enough.

Writing in detail of *Communism in Guatemala, 1944-54* (Praeger, \$6.00), Dr. Donald M. Schneider sets forth ably and minutely every important event and circumstance that anybody interested in the subject would want to consider—except for a single significant episode. He fails to present the facts regarding the official relationship of the United States to the overthrow of the Communist-infiltrated regime of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman. Fortunately, however, Professor Martz gives his version of the episode: the United States government, directly or indirectly, sent arms to Carlos Castillo Armas, the revolutionary leader, and our ambassador, John Peurifoy, played some part in the affair.

Prognosticating the success of the recent Cuban insurrection, Jules Dubois, energetic reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*, hurried through the press a book bearing the title *Fidel Castro, Rebel—Liberator or Dictator?* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$6.50). Surprising as it may seem to not a few readers of the *Tribune*, Mr. Dubois discloses deep sympathy for this radical revolutionary whose opposition to

Communism is open to question and whose policies seem likely to upset Cuban-American relations more completely than the policies of any other Cuban leader since the filibustering days (in the 1850s) of Narisco López. While depriving sugar companies owned by citizens of the United States of their lands without prompt and adequate compensation, Castro expects our government to increase Cuba's share of our sugar imports and our taxpayers to tolerate an expenditure of three billion dollars annually for aid to Latin America during the next decade. The final outcome, as in the case of all the topplings of Latin America's dictators in recent years, is still in the laps of the gods.

THE OVERTHROW of tyrants in Latin America, or in other underdeveloped regions, does not insure the establishment of democracy, nor does the policy of economic and technical assistance to the so-called retarded countries inevitably promote prosperity or government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Government-to-government aid of the sort we have been distributing in huge quantities is just as likely to foster military despotism and bureaucratic cannibalism.

I hope that these comments will not be interpreted as revealing any disposition to favor dictatorships in Latin America or elsewhere. They are intended solely as a warning against undue optimism which might pressure our government into imprudent and extravagant policies—such, for instance, as intervention in these Latin-American countries in the hope of ridding them immediately of autocrats and tyrants. Let me repeat here what I have said in my *Globe and Hemisphere*:

It may be doubted that democracy can be imposed by force. This has been borne out by the experience of the United States in dealing with the five protectorates it established between 1900 and 1915 and eventually released. Nor can democracy be achieved by decree or legislative enactment. . . . By ridding themselves of dictators the Latin-American nations merely gain the opportunity, which they may not be capable of utilizing, to work in favor of democracy. The overthrow of dictators may result in the chaos that breeds new dictators.

Report on Latin America, II

Castro's Cuba

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

AMERICANS are beginning to comprehend that a Soviet satellite may be established less than one hour's flying time from Miami, Florida. The news dispatches filed to the *New York Times* by Mrs. Ruby Phillips, that newspaper's correspondent in Havana, have long reflected a sharp awareness of growing Communist influence in Cuba. They have been a much-needed antidote to the political poison which Herbert L. Matthews, also of the *Times*, has spooned out in his partisan efforts in behalf of the Castro dictatorship.

Her new book (*Cuba: Island of Paradox*, McDowell, Obolensky, \$4.95) should have a powerful impact upon



the minds of those Americans who are still under the influence of the Castro myth. Mrs. Phillips doesn't pull her punches in criticizing Castro's Cuba. "There is no doubt," she writes, "that the Communists wield tremendous influence in the Castro government and in the labor unions. Their methods of placing men in key posts are extremely effective."

And the danger arising from a Communist take-over in Cuba are well stated by Mrs. Phillips. "Cuba," she says, "is the key to the Gulf of Mexico. The largest naval base of the United States in the Caribbean is located at Guantanamo. The demand that this base be abandoned has already been voiced in Cuba. . . . The military strategists of the United States are definitely worried. They

know that the trackless, almost impenetrable Sierra Maestra would make an ideal spot for the launching of rockets against the United States. An enemy in Cuba, with the many excellent harbors, could be supplied effectively by submarines."

Mrs. Phillips' book is confirmation of what anti-Communists in the United States have said concerning the Castro regime. She reports that the Cuban press "has been silenced by economic pressure of the Castro regime." The Cuban middle class is threatened with destruction. The kangaroo trials of so-called war criminals continue: "And there is no indication when these executions will stop." Mrs. Phillips asserts that the "responsible classes of Cuba are worried about the anti-American sentiments expressed by Fidel Castro, his brother Raul . . . and many of their principal followers." She insists that "most Cubans look to the future with fear and uncertainty."

Mrs. Phillips' book is a reporter's report on a strife-torn nation. It is not a new design for the Caribbean world. But as a resident newspaperwoman in Cuba since the 1920's, Mrs. Phillips offers shrewd insight into the character of Cuba and the mistakes made by U. S. policy planners. "Mobs speak with the same voice in every generation." This is her comment on rioting in Havana in 1958. The reader is made to realize that there can be little difference between the rioters of the 1930's and the machete-brandishing *campesinos* of today, who are directed by Castro's Marxist collaborators.

Mrs. Phillips' Cuba is a land of intense emotionalism and resulting political instability. The "heroes of the people" march rapidly across the stage of Cuban life. An assassin's bullet, a change in the mood of the mob, a conspiracy in a fortress or a university classroom—and a new dictator replaces the old. Brutality is a feature of every dictatorial regime in Cuba, whether it be that of Machado, Batista or Castro.

The Cuban character cannot be altered by the policies of the United States; but much can be done to make U.S. dealings with Cuba effective. In the future of Cuba, says Mrs. Phillips, "the United States can and should be the decisive factor. She speaks of "the incompetence of our representatives in foreign countries"; and maintains that the "propaganda of the United States should be aggressive, not defensive, as it is at present."

"There should be no gifts," is her warning: "Loans and gifts have created hatred of the United States in most of the countries of the world." She warns that the "hesitancy and

reluctance on the part of our diplomatic officials to extend to American citizens the rights due their nationality is almost unbelievable. It would appear that today all the large and powerful nations fear to assert their legitimate rights in any dispute with a small nation. This hesitancy, this timidity, this apology for their existence, is regarded in Latin America

as a weakness which can be exploited to considerable advantage. It makes Latin-American countries contemptuous of us."


In brief, Mrs. Phillips would have the United States use its power and influence as a determinant in Cuban affairs. Unless we do so, she warns, "the future of Cuba and all Latin America shall be decided by Moscow."

Men and Manners

Yankee City

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I REMEMBER Newburyport as a summer landmark of my childhood when we used to drive through it in our old seven-passenger Jordan on the way to Maine. For me it was the last city in Massachusetts, and in those days I felt like a world traveler in crossing the boundaries of the state. I had the first tantalizing glimpse of its spires from the Newburyport Turnpike beyond the Danvers Insane Asylum. It seemed so serene a city, set on a green hill windy in space and with the great flood of the Merrimack River sweeping past below. The neo-classic eighteenth-century houses set apart and screened by elms were impressive to me even as a child, coming as I did from the close-ranged streets of suburban Dorchester. I was aware, with a twinge of envy, of their aloof security.

In those days we had to drive along the residential streets, past the Episcopal Church topped by a bishop's mitre (each time I looked for that) and down into the business district to get to the chain bridge across the river. My father invariably got lost en route, so that we usually made the circuit of the city at least twice.

By the time I came to driving myself, the turnpike was linked to a new bridge by a cut-out that thrust Newburyport aside and sped us on through New Hampshire into Maine with a saving of at least a quarter of an hour. More recently a super-highway has eliminated all but the most distant glimpse of the city's elm-shrouded spires.

I never knew anyone who lived in Newburyport, but I always retained the kindly memory of hill and sea and river, of white spires and Federalist mansions, and of the exciting

feeling of leaving Massachusetts behind. Later I read with regret of a *sans-culotte* called Bossy Gillis who got himself elected mayor of the city and for spite against its more mannered inhabitants was cutting down the arching elms and demolishing one of the more architecturally noted houses to make way for a filling station.

After World War II, when I had come back to this country from six years abroad, I first heard of the embracing sociological study of Newburyport that was in the making, called Yankee City. Three volumes had by then appeared and three more were announced. The project had been sponsored by the Committee of Industrial Physiology of Harvard University. Each volume was to deal with "a significant aspect of the life of a modern community as it has been recorded and analyzed by the combined labors of a group of social anthropologists." The purpose of the whole was "to acquire a better understanding of human behavior."

Newburyport was selected as the Yankee City prototype because it fitted the specifications of being comprehensible in size, with a core of old American stock but without obvious class conflict. Though not a satellite of a metropolis, it contained a number of industries among rural surroundings. As a community it had a long tradition that had not undergone disruptive social change.

For ten years a team of thirty field workers—recruited mostly from Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates—under the direction of W. Lloyd Warner, tramped the streets of Newburyport, interviewed the inhabitants and attended the various social func-

tions in an effort to sum up the city's life. From their ascertained data Professor Warner in 1941 compiled a 460-page book, number one in the Yankee City Series, *The Social Life of a Modern Community*. Three much thinner volumes, *The Status System of a Modern Community*, *The Social Systems of American Ethnic Groups* and *The Social System of the Modern Factory* appeared respectively in 1942, 1945 and 1947. Still scheduled to appear were *American Symbol Systems* and *Data Book for the Yankee City Series*. However, events in Newburyport caused Professor Warner to alter the structure of volume four. Now after a twelve-year lapse he has produced a much-modified final volume of 528 pages, *The Living and the Dead* (Yale, \$7.50). Volume six has gone into the discard.

I PICKED UP *The Social Life of a Modern Community* with anticipation and put it down with disappointment. The subsequent Yankee City books did not alter my feelings. For the series is, in a word, pretentious. There are many incidental facts that Professor Warner's teams have assiduously collected, and one can pick up much random information about Newburyport in them, but the pertinent unity escapes. As Oscar Handlin remarked in his review of the first volumes, there are many tables and charts without much knowledge. A great deal of the material lacks function, and facts are wrenched out of context to generate "a spurious air of universality."

In the fore scene to *The Dynasts* Hardy described a prostrate Europe seen from afar. Then "a new and penetrating light descends on the spectacle, enduing men and things with a seeming transparency, and exhibiting as one organism the anatomy of life and movement in all humanity and vitalized matter included in the display." Such a new and penetrating light, by way of the Yankee City study, I had hoped to find illuminating the fair passing city of my boyhood. Undoubtedly my expectations were too high. But the basic trouble with this multi-volumed project is that sociology, like astrology, is only a sham science. And when the scientific method is applied to non-scientific objects the result is all too often assumptive verbiage, tautologies and irrelevancy.

I do not—as a random example—see

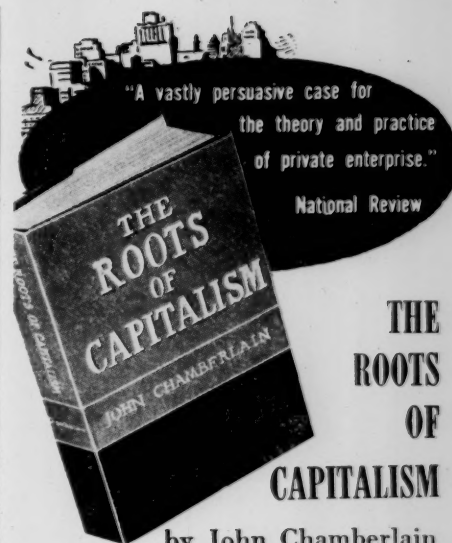
In our next issue *Up from Liberalism* by William F. Buckley Jr. will be reviewed by James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*.

any addition to human understanding in classifying 89 status positions in Yankee City as determined by membership in 357 different civic associations. And in any case one can merely record the membership, not the depth of the individual's emotional participation in any organization. The explanation of another complicated diagram is that "as one descends in the class order the type of house becomes smaller and less preferable, and as one ascends the house tends to become larger and better. The upper classes get the better homes; the middle classes, the ordinary homes; and the lower classes the poor ones." I could have told Professor Warner that at the age of nine.

The first quarter of *The Living and the Dead* is a sociological portrayal of Biggy Muldoon, none other than the real-life Bossy Gillis whose emergence on the political scene during the Yankee City survey became so much buckshee data to fatten the final volume. But, again, what is analyzed is the obvious. The boy from the wrong side of the tracks treats with cloacal derision the upper-class groups whose ways he cannot hope to emulate, and becomes an elective focal point for those who share his resentments. When he festoons an old mansion he has bought with chamber pots because he cannot get a permit to erect a filling station there, the symbolism of the act scarcely needs the elaborate analysis that Professor Warner gives it.

John P. Marquand, an old Newburyporter, remarks somewhere that the way to know a city is to be brought up in it. For him the Yankee City probers were "synthetic recording angels . . . complacent with hidden knowledge." Unfortunately, such teams of eager undergraduates, coached and primed though they may be, never get to the heart of the matter.

That heart is the city "that is at unity with itself," the unity that one finds so monumentally in Balzac's



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Paris, so movingly in the *unanime* Paris of Jules Romains, and on a lower level but still poignantly in Marquand's novel of Newburyport, *Point of No Return*.

For anyone who glances through the Yankee City Series—and it is certainly worth that—it would prove interesting to follow along with *Point*

of *No Return's* social anthropologist, Malcolm Bryant, and his team of busy-bee investigators. As a matter of blunt fact, Marquand's fictional account of his native city will teach the reader more about the habits and heart of Newburyport than will the five volumes of Yankee City with the unwritten sixth thrown in.

Movies

J.D. Soap Opera

JOHN LEONARD

IN A gloomy scenario room somewhere in the chambered nautilus of Twentieth Century-Fox, a faceless mercenary little man with big sweaty hands collected all the greasy clichés in sight, rolled them into a sticky ball, and splattered it all over the screen. *Blue Denim*, which used to be a play before the Hollywood happiness boys performed their frontal lobotomy, is now a solid ninety minutes of insipidity.

The PTA, a number of family magazines, several judges and social workers, and a phalanx of church committees have recommended this regurgitated soap opera as a sensitive treatment of a delicate subject. It has been ballyhooed in the biggest newspaper ads and advance publicity campaign since *The Ten Commandments*.

I, for one, don't see why. *Blue Denim* is so sensitive it's self-effacing. Here is the plot: Arthur is the young, bashful, thumb-in-the-ear and tongue-tied all-American teen-age boy, a Jack Armstrong with an inferiority complex (played like a rinsed washrag by Brandon de Wilde). Janet is an equally young, quiet, ponytailed cross between Joanne Woodward and Little Orphan Annie

(played comparatively well by Carol Lynley). Their fathers don't understand them; on their second date they get involved; she gets pregnant; he doesn't know what to do; a friend arranges an abortion (which went off on schedule on Broadway but never made it with Twentieth Century-Fox); the couple goes off to get married; and, as the train pulls away, Macdonald Carey stands on his own front porch and shakes his head, and Understanding, like a great stone monkey, comes to perch upon his shoulder and furrow his brow.

All this is very painful. It was a bad night for everybody but Miss Lynley and Warren Berlinger (who plays Arthur's best friend). Marsha Hunt, as Mother, may have been meant for comedy relief. Macdonald Carey acts as he always has—like a totem pole with termites. If the producers think they have snared some elusive essence of the adolescent world, they've been reading too many movie magazines. They haven't come to terms with the contempt, the rebellion, the pathos or the harshness of that world. They have instead given us what are supposed to be two young innocent kids, backstopped them with the customary props of a Pepsi-Cola ad, stuffed their mouths with the worst dialogue since the Lone Ranger-Tonto colloquy, shuffled them around and sent them packing.

And what are we left with? I don't say that all the implications I found in *Blue Denim* were intended by Director Phillip Dunne, and maybe true art after all is round in the middle and open at both ends to make sure anything can be dumped in. But here are a few of the disturbing elements: 1) Arthur goes off to get married.

But he did want to be an engineer and now he'll end up as a gas station attendant. Not only that, but in ten years he'll despise his wife, guzzle bourbon every night, and end up dead of liver cirrhosis in the hotel room of some chorus girl consort. 2) If Macdonald Carey stopped playing top sergeant toward his son, and school tossed in a little sex education in the seventh grade, the agonies of youth and the anxieties of age would only have begun. 3) Teen-agers who get into trouble more often than not know exactly what they're doing, think they can get away with it, and regret the consequences, not the act itself. 4) Which brings us to morality, which is the point. Whatever happened to moral standards? Isn't there something so seriously wrong here that even semi-frequent father-and-son fishing trips won't solve it? Street-gangs and teen-age killers and unwed mothers and the young couple huddled in the cellar trying to salvage some love in this world are at once the symptoms of our disease and the victims of a social contagion.

The Thursday afternoon bridge brigade may go see this movie, and utter a few unctuous "Why, I never knew"s, and go home with salved souls. But as for *understanding*, it's an unprofitable evening of seat-squirring.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FRANCE DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION, Translated by Philip Whitcomb (Stanford, 3 vols., \$20.00). The drama of France from 1939 to 1945 consisted of three acts: the defeat, the occupation, and the liberation. The background and the details of each are slowly becoming history, as diaries, memoirs, documents and more comprehensive studies emerge in print. The latest to appear in America is this collection of testimonies, reminiscences and documents by people—mostly French, but also a few Americans and Germans—who were closely connected with the Vichy administration or were confidants of men like Pétain, Laval and their collaborators. The reader who goes through these fascinating volumes, either for purposes of scholarly research or out of general interest in French affairs, must be warned that most of the docu-

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ments were assembled by the late Premier's daughter and her husband, the Count de Chambrun, to present an apologia for Vichy's policies, and in particular an apologia for Pierre Laval. Many of the texts were thus prepared as sympathetic replies to the family's request, and have, as a consequence, no claim to being well-established history. A large number of them, however, were written by civil servants and experts on subjects like agriculture, labor, prisoners, police, education, foreign affairs, etc., and bring out many features of life and administration under German rule and the Vichy regime. The publication of these documents deposited with the Hoover Institution at Stanford must be welcomed, for they present the drama of 1940-45 from a side that has hardly been allowed to reach the public, or if so only in a distorted form.

T. MOLNAR

ALAS, BABYLON!, by Pat Frank (Lippincott, \$3.50). Every now and then authors and publishers are blessed with a set of fortuitous circumstances which work to their advantage. Certainly, *Alas, Babylon!* could not have been published with a more timely international background. Taking as a subject an all-out nuclear attack on the United States, Mr. Frank describes the fate of a group of people who survive the destruction of nearby Miami, weaving a story that moves rapidly through impending doom and doom itself with the realism that characterizes all of his writing.

S. A. ANTHONY JR.

THE ART OF NAVIGATION IN ENGLAND IN ELIZABETHAN AND EARLY STUART TIMES, by D. W. Waters (Yale, \$12.50). Commander Waters of the Royal Navy is in no hurry at all to travel the distance of seventy years between the time the British gave up puttering about European coastlines on tiny ships and became, by general agreement, rulers of the sea. Great battles won secured England's naval pre-eminence, but victory would not have been possible, and even if possible of no particular point, had not the British become a seafaring people. To do this, they fused, over a remarkably short period, a singular national temperament and an em-

bryonic science. The story of the British apprehension of the art and science of navigation is told at exquisite leisure, in a beautiful book containing encyclopaedic descriptions, drawings and engravings of the paraphernalia of navigation, and recounting how they were used four hundred years ago to deduce from the orderly movements of the heavenly bodies, the exact latitude of the observer, and hence the location and expanse of the continents.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

OPERATORS AND THINGS, by Barbara O'Brien (Arlington, \$3.95). In a hasty detective-fiction style, but with penetration and satisfying imagery, Miss O'Brien (a pseudonym) describes her psychosis, from which unaccountably and spontaneously she recovered. Few hours are required for the reader to share the unbearable prelude to the break; the six-month inferno of flight and persecution; the gradual, introspective recovery of sanity; and the plausible, unclinical explanation of how the catastrophe took place. Previously a non-conformist, the author had concluded it was necessary to live in a rigid, if benign, social mold. When the mold proved suddenly malignant, readjustment was possible only in the freedom of a private world. No melodramatic metamorphosis is foisted upon the reader. He meets a person courageous enough to put the remarkable fragments of her mind back together again, but the mind is recognizably the same from begin-

ning to end. This is an articulate eyewitness report from a not-so-far-off, fascinating land that none of us would wish to visit.

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To the Editor

The Visit

A standing ovation to NATIONAL REVIEW [for its] magnificent performance in the role of Paul Revere. So angered are the American people by the Eisenhower-Nixon invitation to Nikita Khrushchev they're betting the initials GOP will stand for Gone Out of Politics by 1960, no matter who's high bidder for the nomination.

The only silver lining to the Khrushchev visit is that so many of his comrades will be shot—not by the FBI but by the press fotogs—as they crowd into camera range to greet their country's sworn enemy. Some irate citizens believe one picture will be worth 1,000,000 words of explanation from any candidate who wants their vote. If Democrats were really smart they would corral these anti-appeasement voters behind Thomas J. Dodd, the Senator from Connecticut who, like NR, did not sit back and wait for public reaction before deciding that the Khrushchev visit would be akin to Eisenhower's second Panmunjom.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

Great issue—September 12: Re K's visit, very emphatic statement of the position of many Americans, for whom you have become a spokesman. Also, thanks for printing Archbishop Hurley's Directive, as well as the Dodd-Judd-Douglas-Bridges statement.

It is incredible that we have been so softened that as a nation we have not risen to oppose this national disgrace, softened by national non-thinking. . . .

REV. FRANCIS A. MURPHY
East Pepperell, Mass.

. . . [Why not] instruct one of your hirelings to scurry past the Secret Service men and paste one of these glorious declarations of creative thinking for better understanding [NR stickers, "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here"] right on the bumper of the very limousine K. is to use for parades? In this way we can all join with Miss Forbush in "standing on our little flat feet and saying" . . . that we want nothing at all to do with a man who can, practically at his per-

sonal discretion, wipe out some sixty million of us in a single day. . . .

Have you gentlemen seriously considered the effect of this more than pious crusade on cardboard? What do you suppose the reaction will be in the event Khrushchev is met with the backs of heads and inane stickers? What sort of reception will Mr. Eisenhower receive in Moscow? Brilliant red-on-black "Get Out Ike" stickers in Russian, maybe? One wonders. . . .

Waco, Texas

SHELDON MIXSON

Mr. Mixson wonders more than is absolutely necessary. If Eisenhower is greeted in Moscow with Go-Home signs it will be because Khrushchev has directed the people so to exercise their freedom. It is not the purpose of the stickers to affect Khrushchev's course. They are intended for the eyes of other Americans, in protest against a fateful turn in our foreign policy. One wonders that is not clear. —ED.

The Morality of the State

Thank you for printing [August 15] the forthright words of William F. Knowland: "What is morally wrong can never be politically or diplomatically right."

Yet in the *Los Angeles Times* of August 22, Mr. Holmes Alexander quotes Senator Fulbright as follows: "I do not believe that moral standards among individuals are the same as international politics. To infuse moral concepts into a political discussion is simply to confuse it. What we're trying to achieve in any policy is a particular objective—morality is not involved."

This attitude seems to me more dangerous to the welfare of the Republic than the invasion of a foreign enemy. And I offer some quotations.

Mr. Alexander cites a number of political philosophers as holding that the State is habitually immoral, yet he can hardly think that they condone the immoral or the amoral. Since he mentions Albert Jay Nock in this matter, let us read this caustic paragraph from Nock's *Our Enemy the State*:

"In April, 1933, the American State

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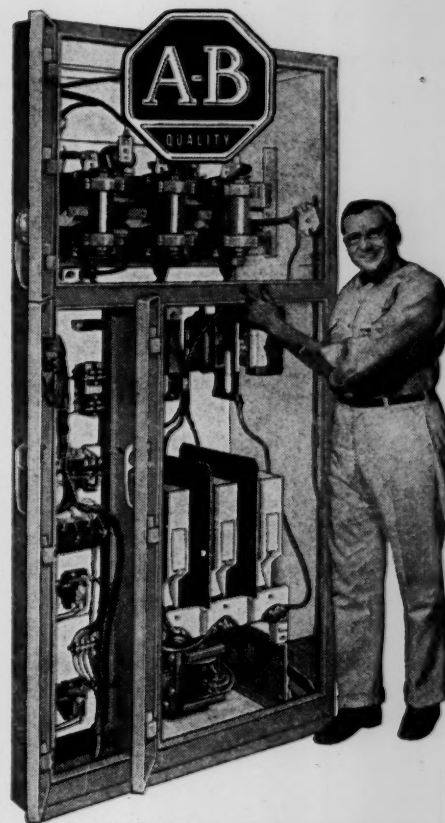
issued half a billion dollars' worth of bonds of small denominations, to attract investment by poor persons. It promised to pay these, principal and interest, in gold of the then existing value. Within three months the State repudiated that promise. Such an action by an individual would, as Freud says, dishonor him forever, and mark him as no better than a knave. Done by an association of individuals, it would put them in the category of a professionally-criminal class."

The next quotation is from Thomas Jefferson:

"For there is only one standard of morality, one code of conduct between nations as between individuals . . . [Letter to James Madison 1789, Memorial Edition, VII,448 quoted by Chinard] . . . to say . . . that gratitude is never to enter into the motives of national conduct, is to revive a principle which has been buried for centuries with its kindred principles of the lawfulness of assassination, poison, perjury, etc. All of these were legitimate principles in the dark ages which intervened between ancient and modern civilization, but exploded and held in just horror in the eighteenth century. I know but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively. . . . Let us hope that our government will take some other occasions to show, that they proscribe no virtue from the canons of their conduct with other nations." La Crescenta, Cal. KATE GORDON MOORE

What Is There to Negotiate?

Just about every bone of contention between the U.S. and the USSR, except the cases of American prisoners (nearly 6,000, including fliers, Korean POWs and World War II prisoners), has been settled. At Washington in December 1933, Litvinov agreed to dismantle the Communist machine in the U.S. On January 1, 1942, he signed for the Soviets again, pledging (at the end of World War II) "no aggrandizement, territorial or other," and "sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them." At Teheran, in December 1943, Stalin reaffirmed this pledge and at Yalta pledged free elections in all eastern Europe. On August 14, 1945, Molotov signed to recognize and aid only the government of Chiang Kai-shek. What is left to negotiate? New York City ALFRED KOHLBERG



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Featherbedding

Two letters on railroad featherbedding in your August 29 issue call for comment. These are from Miss Katherine H. Joslin and Mr. Thomas C. Buckley, and they deal with the role of firemen in Diesel locomotives where there are no fires to fire and no coal to shovel.

First, it is important to note that none of management's present proposals to discontinue the fireman position in certain Diesel locomotives would eliminate this position in passenger service. This leaves two major areas of operation—freight and yard service. The removal of firemen from freight and yard Diesel locomotives would not result in one-man operations; freight Diesels have a head-end brakeman who rides in the cab with the engineer, while yard Diesels are accompanied by a ground crew at all times.

It is noteworthy also that electric rail cars and self-propelled motor units have operated millions of miles in the United States without firemen, compiling an even better safety record than services including firemen. Outside this country, countless trains operate daily with only one engine-man in such countries as Great Britain, France, Germany, Ireland, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Canada.

Removal of firemen from Diesels in Canada evolved from a strike on the Canadian Pacific Railway by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. A Royal Commission was appointed to review the dispute and make recommendations for settling it. After months of

study, the commission reported in December 1957 that "firemen are not required on Diesel locomotives."

Referring to the question of whether firemen are necessary for freight and yard Diesel operations—the only categories that came before the Commission for decision—the group concluded: "Their functions have either totally disappeared, as in the case of the production of power, mechanical assistance and inspection, or are a mere duplication of what is discharged by another or others, as in the case of the lookout functions performed by the head-end trainmen and the engineman."

The Royal Commission reviewed studies by a group of railroads which demonstrated that not only does a second man in the Diesel cab make no contribution to safety, but also concluded that operations "are actually safer where there is undivided responsibility for observing signals and right of way."

Railroad featherbedding costs more than \$500 million a year in pay exacted for work not done or not needed, and the American public ultimately foots the bill in the passenger fares and freight charges it pays. Of this sum, more than \$200 million a year is the cost of staffing the unnecessary fireman position in Diesel locomotives. Obviously the elimination of such practices would not only strengthen the competitive position of the hard-hit railroads but also serve the public interest by wiping out price-inflating, job-destroying waste.

PUGH MOORE

American Association of Railroads
Washington, D.C.

A Thousand Times No

Would you please tell Mr. Futch ["Lord Russell's Slander," August 15], who says our faith places upon men the "burden of saving themselves," no, no, a thousand times no! "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Then he says "the Christians called the church into existence." "I will found my church."

One more: He says we wear clothes for no other reason than that St. Paul would have thought it frightful not to. "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them."

We appreciated Mr. Futch's fine article, otherwise. And thank you for every issue of our favorite magazine.
Abilene, Texas

MARION H. SAMSON

Tourist Diplomacy

Nothing Leopold Kohr says on "Tourist Diplomacy: A Dissenting View" [July 18] squares with my experience in running around in some fifteen European countries in the past nine years. The type of American who offends Europeans—and fortunately there is no great proportion of him—is the loudmouth, the showoff, and the noisy eater.

On second thought, Leopold Kohr is correct in one respect: Europeans have no great respect for the cheap-skate who is out to "do" Europe on a dollar a day or thereabouts.

Courtesy, reasonable generosity and a manifest interest in his hosts' way of life, as well as a disposition to praise what seems to be good, is all the "diplomacy" the American tourist need exert himself to practice.

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

ALBERT J. FRANCK

The Language Barrier

I can't understand your aversion to the requirement that an ambassador speak the language of the country to which he is assigned ["The Week," July 18].

Isn't the proper approach to carry this idea even further by a policy of like nature to be applied to congressional junkets at taxpayers' expense (including counterpart funds)? "No trips at public expense by congressmen except to countries of which they speak the language."

CLEMENT C. MASON JR.

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

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